The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

In Connecticut the Democracy made sweeping gains in the legislature.

Mahone is wiped out in Virginia. A special day of thanksgiving might be appointed for that.

The Keystone *Gazette* must be a second cousin of the skunk tribe—it has stolen a big Democratic rooster.

Boss Quay, encouraged by his endorsement at the recent election, intends being a candidate for U. S. Senator, to fill Mitchell's seat.

ALL IN.

Philadelphia, Nov. 5.—Complete returns from every county in the State give Quay 44,127 plurality.

Tuten's new paper, the *Fountain*, is a large 8 page weekly with local and select reading. It aims to be a literary journal, and we hope the *Fountain* will clear lots of stamps.

The most glorious results are those in New York and Virginia. The mother of Presidents won't be severed from the path of virtue, and libertines like Billy Mahone can not find an abiding place in ole Virginny.

Report has it that Union county has an organized band of thieves, composed of two members in each township, who robbed smoke houses, stores and dwellings and stored the goods in a garret belonging to a man at Lewisburg, and that one of the party has turned state's evidence.

The Oil City *Derrick's* oil report for October shows 397 finished wells, 5,573 barrels new production and 40 new holes; 355 wells drilling, 272 rigs up and building; an increase over September of 77 finished wells, 772 barrels new production, 6 dry holes and 8 wells drilling, and a decrease of 55 rigs.

The shoe is getting on the other foot now. Sixty Chinese cigar makers in San Francisco struck work Friday because the firm employing them refused to discharge their white workmen. It is learned that the Chinese union ordered the strike. This dictation by the Chinese that "White men must go" has created some sensation.

On Sunday the steamship Nevada landed 250 Mormon emigrants, under the leadership of Elder Burt and 25 returning missionaries. The emigrants were well dressed, healthy-looking people and were well provided with baggage. They came principally from Scandinavia and Great Britain. A few were mechanics, but the majority of them were farm laborers at home. There were a great many children among them.

Clearfield county has elected its first Republican sheriff. A very light vote was polled. The Democratic State ticket will have probably eight hundred majority. Jesse E. Dale, of DuBois, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, is elected by about two hundred. Mr. Dale is the first Republican ever elected Sheriff in that county. Wooden, the defeated Democratic candidate, is a resident of Houtzdale and has not lived in the county long.

To balance this the Democrats elected their sheriff in Armstrong county.

Swift upon the heels of the election of Rowan and Mouat, in Philadelphia, a movement has been begun to procure the pardon of Major Ellis P. Phipps. It will be remembered that Major Phipps was convicted of forgery, theft and other crimes as manager of the almshouse, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. His crimes are enormous in their character, and public indignation ran high against him, but his friends now think that he ought to be released, and propose to make an effort to accomplish it.

If Kemble was pardoned why not pardon Phipps. Quay helped his friend Kemble out, add no doubt will give bro. Phipps a lift too.

We think the marriage license law should be repealed, or so modified as not to be offensive. We think it is the height of cruelty that two lovers should be obliged to journey to the county seat and get a permit. It is perfectly barbarous. Think of a party from the wilds of Burnside or the distant nooks of Pine creek, in Haines, after courting twice, thrice or oftener a week for the last year, not being able to get hitched unless they go on a voyage to Bellefonte, to be stared at by the barbarians around the court-house, and have the cruel clerk ask their ages and whether pa or ma had anything agin the new firm being organized.

The law should at least be so modified that the party matrimonial can get its license from a justice of the peace in the township or boro' in which they reside.

THE DITCH THAT WILL NEVER BE DUG.

The Philadelphia Times says unless all signs fail there is going to be a Panama Canal for sale cheap before long. M. de Lesseps has spent nearly all of the $120,000,000 which he estimated the canal to cost originally, with the net result that about eleven per cent. of the necessary excavation has been completed, with nothing done in the way of controlling the dreaded Chagres river. He is now casting about for more money, which it is doubtful whether he will get.

The result of a collapse of this great scheme could not fail to be deplorable No such gigantic enterprise was ever before set on foot by a private corporation and the total loss to the stockholders of more than a hundred million dollars must bring wide reaching financial disaster to the French people. The subscriptions are largely made up of the savings of the French peasantry, who were dazzled by the success of De Lesseps in the Suez Canal. Believing that his success in scooping a navigable canal through an Egyptian sand plain was a guarnantee that he could do the same thing through the backbone of the American Continent, they poured out their money freely to attest their faith in their brilliant countryman. Bad as the failure will prove if it is a failure, it is better that it come soon than to be put off another year. To throw another hundred millions in good money after the hundred millions already gone will only double the distress and ruin when the final collapse does come.

The prospective failure of the Panama enterprise will possibly have the effect of reviving the Nicaraguan ship canal scheme in some form. While there was a reasonable prospect that the Panama Canal would be built, there was nobody with a level head in favor of spending any money on a canal that would be entirely useless in case De Lesseps should succeed in carrying out his scheme. The failure of the latter will leave the Nicaragua route without a competitor and agitation in Congress and out of it in favor of building a water-way by this route will probably be renewed.

A CONTRAST TO BE COMMENDED.

The defeat of the Democratic candidates for Judge in the Democratic counties of York and Clarion and the election of David Mouat the Republican candidate for Council in the Republican Fifth Ward, of Philadelphia, forms a contrast in the matter of political action that should receive public consideration.

The defeated Democratic candidate in York County, Mr. Bittenger is a gentleman of character and integrity. His private character is unassailable. The only complaint against him was as to the manner of his nomination. Some and it seems a considerable number of his party associates objected to him because he employed objectionable means to secure his nomination. In the Clarion County District the defeated candidate, Hon. Wm. L. Corbett, was objected to because of some moral delinquencies of which he was accused.

Both these gentlemen were nominees of the Democratic party in strong Democratic districts. But the party had manhood and independence enough to defeat them for what seemed substantial reasons. In Mouat the Republicans had an ex-convict for a candidate, but the party whip kept them in line and he was elected by nearly the usual party majority. Without commending the action of the Democrats of York and Clarion counties in defeating candidates that would have adorned the positions to which they aspired, their independence must be admired in contrast with the subserviency of the Republicans who elected Mouat. So says the Morning Patriot, and we say amen.

We have received the first number of the Keystone Gazette, a new Republican paper established at Bellefonte by Rob't. A. Cassidy and James A. Feidler. We would not suppose there was a field for two Republican newspapers in a Democratic county like Centre, but it is possible the publishers anticipate a change of the political complexion of the county, as so many of the Democratic politicians seem to be working in that direction and nearly accomplished it last fall.—Lewistown *Sentinel*.

Pretty near the truth. A few more jobs like last fall may throw our county into the opposition ranks. This we see here as well as outsiders see it. When rule or ruin gets to be the motto with some fellows ruin is sure to follow. When rank Republicans are given places and held in office in preference to good working Democrats, disgust fills the average Democratic voter.

The case of Miss Maria Morgan, of Pittsburg, down for three years with spinal disease, who alleges to have been cured by faith, continues to excite much curiosity in religious circles as to the permanency of her restoration to health To a question by a visitor as to whether she was not astonished at such a cure as had been wrought in her case, Miss Morgan replied reverently, "The Lord can do anything." Of all alleged faith cures this is the most remarkable.

The other day we heard one of the citizens of Centre Hall, who has done much to improve our town, by erecting buildings, say he felt like pulling up stakes and going to some other town, and stop his present enterprises here.

This citizen felt despondent on account of the opposition and hindrances he had to encounter in his operations. These came from persons who always stand in the way of any one who endeavors to make improvements and help on a place, simply because they fear he will make a few dollars which is an eye-sore to them. Some people seem to think no one should prosper but themselves and as soon as they see a neighbor embark in a thing that is likely to be profitable these fellows become jealous and by misrepresentation and in various other ways try to discourage and defeat him in his purposes, although he is doing something that will give employment to the mechanic and the laboring man.

This class of folks we have observed in this place as well as the citizen whom we have in our eye above. They are the fellows that kill the town. They do nothing that makes employment for the laboring class. They will cry down and misrepresent their neighbor if they find him a public spirited man.

Every town, we dare say, has its little jealous gang of this kind of humanity, and we would be surprised if Centre Hall were exempt of this affliction though gratified if there were none.

Besides the discouragements this citizen has experienced, we can add that others have felt and seen these doings of the "opposition." We know that if they had their way Centre Hall would not boast of its fine water works, but be tied to its ancient rotten log system with no water half the time. We know that our schools would be set back 40 years. We know there would not be a first-class newspaper printed here. We know there would even be no railroad. The aim of these men has been to create strife and bickerings, by cunningly placing in a false light whatever is undertaken for the general good. They are afraid some one will get a little credit, and they will do nothing to deserve it.

It is not these fellows that give the mechanic and laborer work—they are the worst enemy they have, for if their opposition were successful precious little would there been around Centre Hall for them to earn in the last twelve months, whereas we have had a spirit of improvement manifested here that has made out town grow, and gave employment to every mechanic, laborer and teamster, not only in this neighborhood, but for those of a distance. When things were dull at other points our town furnished an abundance of labor. The number of those characters in a locality is always small, but they are prolific of mischeif, and as in the case above referred to often cause useful citizens to leave and thus kill a town.

The Christmas "Harper's Magazine" will be strong in stories. Besides instalments of Miss Woolson's "East Angels" and of Mr. Howells' "Indian Summer," and the latter's farce, "The Garroters," illustrated by Reinhart, there will be a Christmas story, "Way Down in Lonesome Cove," by "Charles Egbert Craddock" (Miss Murfee,) illustrated by Dielman; another, "The Madonna of the Tubs," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, said to be the strongest story she has written, illustrated by Smedley; a third tale, "Esther Feverel," by Brander Matthews, illustrated by Pyle; and a "ghost story"—"Wyvern Moat"—by George H. Boughton, illustrated by the artist himself.

A FIRE EXTINGUISHING GUN THAT THROWS HAND GRENADES A BLOCK.

Washington, Nov. 6.—An exhibition of the operation of a compressed air gun for throwing fire grenades and fire escape lines, was given by Captain Bartlett, the inventor, last evening. The compressed air is stored in one of Moxley's calcium-light flasks—enough to fire about forty shots being stored in a steel flask of sixty pounds weight. The projectiles were glass bottles, holding one-third of a gallon of fire extinguishing fluid, or wooden dummies of the same weight—about four pounds. The projectiles were thrown with extreme accuracy, through a target in imitation of a small window, at a height of fifty feet, on a pole at a distance of eighty feet from the gun. Either sash of the window was hit as desired.

A half-inch lime attached to the projectile was thrown twenty or thirty feet above the top of the pole, and the inventor asserted the possibility of throwing such a line over the dome of the capitol. Projectiles without line attachments were repeatedly thrown to a height of more than 300 feet, demonstrating the possibility of reaching a fire in the tallest building. The trial was a brilliant success.

The chief of the New York fire department has requested that his gun be sent to that city. The Bartlett Fire Extinguishing Company will build large guns—to throw a gallon of the fluid or an inch line—before placing the device on market.

AN OIL STREAM 80 FEET HIGH.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 8.—One of the wells recently drilled at Findlay, Ohio, for natural gas, was "torpedoed" to-day and a stream of oil shot eighty feet into the air. The well is now flowing at the rate of 300 barrels per day and to a height of forty feet.

CURRAN CONFESSES.

The Self-Accused Murderer Imagines that His Victim Glares at Him From Every Corner of His Cell.

Williamsport, Nov. 5.—Patrick Curran has been in jail for setting fire to the woods in Gamble twp. Curren was stricken with paralysis and since then at times he has been out of his mind. During his fits of raving he would cry, "Take him away. Why did I kill him? That is my secret. I will tell you all some day." Sheriff Sprague visited Curran yesterday morning and told him if he had anything to confess he had better do it, because he only had a short time to live. Curran said that he wanted to make his statement to a barrister. The Sheriff told him that there was no need of a lawyer, and that he would take his statement and it would be all right. Curran commenced to talk to Sheriff Sprague, but before he had spoken five minutes his tongue became swollen and it was impossible for him to proceed The Sheriff left the cell, but before he went away he told Curran that if he felt better in his absence he should make his statement to one of his attendants. Late last night Curran called one of his nurses to him and said: "I feel better now and I will now make my confession." The nurse procured paper and ink and after he had propped Curran up in the bed proceeded to write the confession, which is substantially as follows:

"I was born in a small hamlet near the city of Cork 81 years ago. In my youth I received a fair education, my parents being engaged in the industry of cotton bleaching. Upon my father's death I spent what little money was left me in gambling and drinking, and got into any number of scrapes, but was not arrested. I joined the Fenians and was the leader of a number of men during the insurrection which was started by William Smith O'Brien My boon companion was a young man by the name of Pat Martin and my acquaintanceship with him was my ruination. Martin and I got into a scrape, and that together with our connection with the Young Ireland party compelled us to flee the country. We left Cork in disguise and came to America. After knocking about New York for some time we came to Pennsylvania and procured employment in the coal mines. We joined the Mollie Maguires and were leaders in all their conclaves. Tiring in this as there was not money enough in it for us, we left the coal regions and then tramped to Howard, in Centre county, where we heard there was a band of counterfeiters. We had learned the art of counterfeiting in the old country and determined to join this band and grow wealthy At Howard a coolness sprang up between Martin and me on account of a girl whom we were both paying attention to. We had buried our money in an old barn on the outskirts of the town and one night in the early part of 1863 we went there to divide the spoils. Martin was very ugly and we quarreled. He hit me and then we came to blows. He threatened to blow on me and for my own protection I drew my knife from my pocket and killed him. Feeling that my crime would be discovered, I dug a hole in the corner of the barn and buried the body. I covered the spot with a bundle of rye straw and set it on fire. As soon as the barn was a blaze I made my escape and came to Williamsport and have never seen the place where I committed the crime since. This is the secret I have kept for the last 22 years, and I feel as if I can't die until I confess."

When Curran had finished this ghastly confession he was greatly exhausted. When visited by the Sheriff this morning he said that if he felt strong enough this afternoon he would tell them about his other crimes in this county, and he mentioned the names of a number of people who have been implicated with him. Curran killed Martin by cutting his throat. He is decrepit with old age, his hair is gray and his face is covered with a scraggy beard. His body is swollen with paralysis and he can hardly move. He chews tobacco constantly and cries for rum. His yells and oaths are horrifying, especially when the delirium comes on and he imagines that his victim, Martin, is glaring at him from every corner of his cell. The physicians say that Curran is liable to die at any moment.

BILL NYE ON VESUVIUS.

One thousand eight hundred and eighty-four years ago, the Roman geographer and weather-crank, Strabo, spoke of Vesuvius as a burnt mountain; but it had not at that time turned itself wrong side out. Quite a forest grew where the crater now stands. For fifty years Vesuvius had bilious spells, but kept on drawing its salary without loss of time, but in A. D., it turned itself loose and tore up the ground a good deal. Real estate went to an astonishing height, but became depressed at once. The south half of the mountain was jerked loose, as Pliny has it, and knocked gally west. This was followed by a shower of hot, wet ashes which completely obliterated Pompeii and Herculaneum. Those two towns have been exhumed lately, but, owing to the delay of the authorities in doing so, no lives were saved. These cities are not covered with lava. Scientists say that the ruins were found under a deep layer of volcanic tufa. I do not know what tufa is, but presume the term is perfectly proper and safe to use in good society. I have heard of the tufa cigar, which is sold tufa five cents, but am comparatively ignorant of the general appearance of volcanic tufa.

Commonplace people are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they cannot see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.

CHINESE OUTLAWS.

That the Chinese have secret tribunals of their own where false testimony is prepared and whose edicts are death for the Chinaman to disobey, is no longer a matter of conjecture. They are not only not amenable to law, but they are governed by secret tribunals unrecognized and unauthorized by law. The records of these tribunals have been discovered and are found to be antagonistic to our legal system. These tribunals are formed by the several Chinese companies or guilds and are recognized as legitimate authorities by the Chinese population. They levy taxes, command masses of men, intimidate interpreters and witnesses, enforce perjury, regulate trade, punish the refractory, remove witnesses beyond the reach of our courts, control liberty of action, and prevent the return of Chinese to their home in China without their consent. In short, they exercise a despotic sway over one-seventh of the population of the State of California. This system is inherent, and part of the fibre of the Chinese mind, and exists because the Chinese are thoroughly and permanently alien to us in language and interests. The testimony of a number of persons was taken to the effect that rewards are offered and paid for the life of certain objectionable Chinamen. Charles T. Jones, the District-Attorney of Sacremento, testified that an interpreter in a certain case told him that the Chinese would kill him if the defendants in a certain robbery case were convicted. We went out of the court-room, said Mr. Jones, and he told me he was afraid to go on I street. I told him not to go there, but I did not think they would trouble him. Half an hour afterward he was brought back shot in the back, and a hatchet having been used on him, mutilating him terribly. This was in broad daylight, about eleven o'clock in the morning, on Third and I streets, one of the most prominent places in the city of Sacramento. There were hundreds of Chinese there at the time, but it was difficult in the prosecution of the case to get any Chinese testimony at all. It happened that there were a few white men passing at the time, and we were enabled to identify two men, and they were convicted and sent to the penitentiary for life after three trials. They attempted to prove an alibi, and after swearing a large lot of Chinamen, they said they had twenty more. The Chinese use the courts to get possession of women. Sometimes it happens that where a man is married to a woman they get out a warrant for his arrest, and before he can get bail they have stolen the woman and carried her off to some distant place.

HOUSEHOLD PERILS.

There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care.

Benzine, ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first-named liquids are employed in cleaning gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, etc. The liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapor as soon as the cork of the phial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames. and consequently they should never be used in the evening, when the house is lighted.

Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into the room in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard in handling these liquids, acutions housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An accident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life by taking a few drops through mistake.

Breathing the gas, under certain circumstances, causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at this time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The phials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, etc., and rubber stoppers to the phial should be used.

Oxalic acid is considerably employed in families for cleansing brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and, therefore, frequent mistakes are made and lives lost. Every agent that goes into families among inexperienced persons, should be kept in a safe place, labelled properly and used with great care.

Happiness is like wealth; as soon as we begin to nurse it and care for it, it is a sure sign of its being in a precarious state.

LETTER FROM BELLEFONTE.

Bellefonte, Nov. 7.

The result of the election did not breed much enthusiasm among the bloody shirters—there is not enough on the balance sheet for November to remove the poor prospects ahead. New York and Virginia were to be the finger boards but they do not point to Republican hopes for the future. Gen. Beaver may be the next governor—if—if the party is united. But his rantings in Philadelphia and endorsing of the worst elements of corrupt machine politics there, may cause the Independents to put their foot on him again. The Reporter suggested Judge Orvis as the Democratic nominee for governor against Gen. Beaver. We hear many Democrats favor the idea. He could stump the state against any man the Republicans could trot out, and has a character that is unassailable.

Who will be the Representative candidates—are one-termers to be one-termers? For district attorney I hear mention of such names as Aaron Williams, C. F. Meyer, ex-proth'y Harper and Mr. Heinle. The object of Democrats must be a good ticket next year. Republicans are hoping for a blunder in our nominations, by putting weak men on the ticket, and thus elect a ticket of their own. The result last year, and the reduced majority this fall, makes them think and boast of defeating us in the county next year. This hope can be shattered by a Democratic ticket that will have the confidence of the rank and file, and the old majority of 1100 will follow.

The nail works are doing a good business and clear several hundred dollars a day. The nails made here are sent to all parts of the United States and to South America.

D. G. Bush talks of adding to the improvements he has already made. What would Bellefonte do without D. G. Bush, and yet he never gets the recognition he deserves. Every mechanic in the county has earned money thro' Col. Bush's extensive building operations here, and he may have another harvest in store for the laboring class.

Flavius Josephus.

THE OFFICIAL FIGURES.

Quay gets Fourty-Four Thousand.

All the figures given in the table below, except for Philadelphia and Allegheny, are official, They show a majority for Quay of 44,127. The figures are not sufficiently complete to indicate the size of the Greenback or Prohibition vote.

QUAY MAJORITIES.		DAY MAJORITIES.	
Allegheny	8911	Adams	385
Armstrong	449	Berks	3806
Beaver	1649	Cambria	628
Bedford	389	Carbon	309
Blair	1103	Centre	418
Bradford	2901	Clinton	423
Bucks	42	Clarion	956
Butler	7	Clearfield	599
Cameron	26	Columbia	1238
Chester	1971	Cumberland	1197
Crawford	2256	Elk	264
Dauphin	1491	Fayette	37
Delaware	1758	Fulton	72
Erie	1380	Greene	984
Forest	183	Juniata	3 9
Franklin	406	Lehigh	894
Huntingdon	750	Luzerne	300
Indiana	1325	Lycoming	531
Jefferson	597	Monroe	1232
Lackawanna	1570	Montour	446
Lancaster	6404	Northampton	1498
Lawrence	1951	Northumberland	558
Lebanon	1751	Pike	499
McKean	297	Schuylkill	794
Mercer	1182	Sullivan	129
Mifflin	1	Wayne	83
Montgomery	669	York	2349
Perry	214		
Philadelphia	14261	Total	20938
Potter	381		
Snyder	661		
Somerset	1398		
Susquehanna	1051		
Tioga	2810		
Union	466		
Venango	60		
Warren	930		
Washington	889		
Westmoreland	461		
Wyoming	15		
Total	64962		
	20938		
Quay over Day	44024		

DISTICTS.	State Treas'r Conrad B Day, D	Jury Com's Matthew S Quay, R	Jury Com's John Rman, D	Coroner Daniel Hess, R	Coroner H K Hoy, D	Coroner S F Lytle, R
Bellefonte N W	100	176	105	175	150	150
" S W	145	93	148	95	160	74
" W W	44	71	48	68	47	66
Howard Borough	37	63	36	65	37	63
Millheim "	111	18	113	19	110	22
Milesburg "	26	85	28	84	28	84
Philipsburg 1st	44	50	37	63	37	63
" 2d	96	71	91	77	68	99
" 3d	44	49	42	51	33	60
Centre Hall Boro	46	19	53	22	58	21
Unionville "	32	47	34	48	35	48
Benner	101	39	117	28	104	38
Burnside	26	30	26	40	26	40
Boggs, east	47	52	47	52	47	52
do west	69	101	74	99	72	98
Curtin	31	21	33	22	33	22
College	77	118	76	118	76	119
Ferguson, east	26	39	27	52	28	52
" west	127	44	125	48	125	43
Gregg, north	48	2	47	3	47	3
do south	156	40	157	40	156	41
Howard	44	50	44	30	39	46
Half Moon	25	66	25	60	25	62
Haines, east	70	18	70	18	69	18
Haines, west	78	68	78	62	78	62
Huston	54	77	59	71	53	79
Harris	100	50	99	51	100	47
Liberty	40	117	41	118	41	118
Marion	79	42	79	42	79	42
Miles	194	46	194	48	147	93
Patton	24	89	29	60	29	60
Penn	94	8	91	10	93	10
Potter, north	68	27	60	31	60	31
Potter, south	97	63	97	63	97	65
Rush, north	78	34	77	36	75	38
Rush, south	21		20		20	
Spring	154	178	163	169	156	173
Snow Shoe, east	79	73	79	73	78	74
Snow Shoe, west	23	24	26	23	26	23
Taylor	16	58	15	57	15	57
Union	54	97	56	101	56	101
Walker	133	65	134	66	134	66
Worth	44	69	45	72	45	72
Total	2987	2656	3042	2582	3014	2601
Majorities	418		460		413	

Whitney (Greenbacker) received the following votes: Bellefonte 3, Boggs 8, Benner 1, College 8, Unionville 8, Philipsburg 1, Milesburg 5, Union 1, Spring 2, Liberty 1, Huston 1, Halfmoon 1, Haines 2, Gregg 3. Total 39.

Spangler (Temperance): Boggs 11, College 1, Curtin 3, Benner 1, Centre Hall 12, Unionville 6, Philipsburg 10, Millheim 4, Milesburg 9, Bellefonte 12, Union 8, Walker 8, Spring 6, Snow Shoe 11, Potter 3, Penn 3, Patton 5, Miles 1, Halfmoon 3, Gregg 1, Ferguson 39. Total 159.

A BROWN HAND AND A STRONG HAND.

A brown hand and a strong hand,
A hand that can drive the plow,
Can sow the land, can reap the land,
And manage and milk a cow,
Can wield the axe the wholeday long,
Can handle the scythe and rake;
A brown hand and a strong hand
That work for Love's dear sake.

A brown hand and a strong hand,
A hand that will never shirk
Crank or pulley or wheel-band,
Grimy for dangerous work;
A hand that can use the hammer,
Can handle the chain and brake;
A broad hand and a hard palm
To work for Love's dear sake.

A firm hand and a strong hand,
To hold the guiding rein,
A hand with grip and muscle,
That nothing can tire or strain;
A lean hand, a working hand,
A hand that is good to take;
A hand that is never weary,
Working for Love's dear sake.

A little hand, a brown hand,
That can sweep, and dust and clean;
A brown hand with a golden band
Running a sewing machine;
A little hand, a brown hand,
That can wash, and cook and bake,
A clever hand, a kind hand,
Busy for Love's dear sake.

The high hand and the strong hand
Is stronger still if it take
The small hand and the brown hand,
So busy for Love's dear sake.
Then a strong clasp, a long clasp,
Till nothing on earth can part
The little hand and the large hand,
Joined by a loving heart.

MADDALENA'S LOVERS.

I was wandering by our river a few days ago, seeking for a place to cast a fly, when I came upon a familiar nook. It was the second day of my holidays, the first I have spent for many years in the home of my childhood. On the previous day I had been disappointed to find that I remembered so little of the scenery; now, in this most memorable of all our haunts, everything flashed back upon me. Giving way gladly to the dreamy mood I flung myself down on a moss-covered rock that overhung the river and began to watch the clear brown waters as they rippled over the stones and through the rushes. In a few moments I was deep in memories of the past.

For several reasons, some of which may appear as I go on, I think I shall write down the little history of which my mind is full and let some of my friends see it. Perhaps then they will understand more clearly how it is that things are as they are with us; perhaps they will believe me when I say that even in this prosaic nineteenth century, heroic lives are possible.

Though my twin-brother and I had something to say to the story I am about to relate, neither of us was its hero. The honors belong to Maddelena, and to explain how Maddalena, came to be what she was, I shall have to refer to certain events that happened some years before we were born.

Mr. Seymour, an elderly and somewhat eccentric Englishman, was traveling one year through the north of Italy. He came to Florence, which with its treasures of art so bewitched him that he could not tear himself away. He was alone, having left his wife and grown-up daughter at Mentone. As was his custom upon these occasions of solitary travel, he avoided the finely appointed hotels, which English people love to frequent, and put up at a small, unpretending inn, visited principally by Italians.

He had not been more than two days at the hotel before he was attracted by his neighbor at the table d'hote. She was a child, probably about 7 years of age, a quick, clever, vivacious little Italian, with small, round, olive-tinted face, expressive brown eyes, and dark, curly hair. She had for a companion a pale-faced, worn-looking woman, who, although she treated the child with the most perfect indifference appeared to be her mother.

The sharp child, discovering the impression she had made on the grave-faced Englishman, began to play off her airs and graces upon him. She must have been delightfully comic as she smiled and made eyes at her neighbor, or shocked him by flying into mimic rage, or bewildered him by rattling nonsense-music on the piano. Being a serious man, Mr. Seymour did not see the comic side of the little maiden's performances. It grieved him to the heart to think what the child's future would be, and, shy as she was, he introduced himself to Maddalena's mother, and ventured on a few words of remonstrance.

She listened politely, expressed her regret that her Lena should have annoyed him, and said that owing to her occupation—she was a concert singer—she could not look after her child as she would wish to do. The sole consequence of Mr. Seymour's interference was that on the next occasion when the mother went out to sing Lena was tied up in her room to keep her quiet. He heard her weeping and lamenting, ventured on the bold step of releasing her, and from that day the two became fast friends.

In the spring of the following year Mr. Seymour visited Florence again, this time in company with his wife and daughter. The place reminded him of Maddalena, and he determined to find out whether she and her mother were still in the hotel where he had left them. It was evening when he started on his quest, which led him through the oldest part of the city. The inn he sought was close to a concert room. In front of this and completely choking up the narrow roadway there was a dense throng of people. Supposing some popular entertainment about to take place, Mr. Seymour pushed his way through the crowd. He was in the midst of it, when the shrill sound of cries and lamentations fell upon his ear. He was a pitiful man, and he stopped to see what had happened. In the next instant the child of whom he had been thinking, the little black-browed Italian girl, had sprung up from under his feet, and grasping his hand was dragging him forward. Under the arc of flashing light that spanned the door of the building there was a heap of something dark. Mr. Seymour touched it, but it did not move. Then he took it up in his arms, and, followed by the weeping child, carried it reverently to the inn, which was close at hand.

Nothing was known in Florence of the dead singer; and although Mr. Seymour made the case, with all its attendant circumstances, widely known through the Italian press, no one appeared to claim the child. She stayed in the meanwhile with his wife and daughter, both of whom were charmed by her quaintness and beauty. They lingered for some time in Florence, hoping to find out something of her friends. Finally to the delight of Mary Seymour, the daughter, who was beautiful and tender-hearted, it was decided that Lena should go back with them to their country home in Devonshire.

There, for some time, Maddalena was as happy as any child could be. Mary Seymour was her constant companion and teacher and she repaid her with the most passionate affection. Mary understood her. Her songs and wild antics, her outbursts of passion or sorrow, her romances, her curious thoughts and brooding fancies, could all be poured out to this dear friend, who, even if she disapproved of what she heard and saw, did it far too gently to hurt the sensitive child.

There came a dark day for Lena and her guardians. Mary Seymour, who had for sometime been suffering from depression, which arose from her parents' repeated refusals to ally herself with the man she loved, left home suddenly and secretly. Being of more than full age she had determined to take her future into her own hands. She went to some friends abroad and was married from their home.

To Maddalena the consequences were very bitter. At first she refused to believe that Mary had left her forever. She had gone, but she would certainly send for her soon. She would not be able to live without her Lena. But no summons came, only a little letter telling her that Mary was happy and begging her to be patient and good.

She tried, poor child! but it was hard work, for she was terribly solitary now. She drew a little comfort from her vivid fancies, but even these she could not indulge in the house. When she laughed or played or sang, or poured out the imaginary dialogues she had been composing, some one would be sure to hear her, and questions she could not answer would be asked. And so it became her habit to take refuge in the woods and by the river-banks, where she had little haunts of her own, which she peoplep with imaginary friends.

It was whispered, meantime, in the neighborhood that the foreign child at the Seymour's was not quite like other people. She had been heard talking to herself and capering wildly about her nursery; she was said to indulge in ungovernable fits of fury and meaningless ecstacies. Mr. Seymour had been seen to look at her gravely. Mrs. Seymour had openly lamented in the presence of several of her neighbors, that she had ever undertaken to provide for her future.

This mischievious talk, when it came to Lena's ears, filled her with the saddest and bitterest feelings. Everything was mysterious to her. Why did people whom she knew hurry by her without speaking. What was the meaning of the stray words that fell upon her ear? "Poor little Maddalena!" That was what they called her. What was it? What had she done that even the very children whom she adored should be afraid of her?

Thinking of these things in her green parlor by the river. Lena found a great dread taking possession of her soul. It was all true, she said to herself. She was a really a creature apart from others. Her joys and sorrows were not those of her friends; they never would be. She was destined all her life to live alone. As the days went by a horror of darkness seemed to envelop her. She was fast drifting into a state of mental insensibility. What the consequence might have been, if nothing had changed, it is terrible to think.

But our Father in heaven, without whose will not so much as a sparrow falls to the ground, had been watching over Lena through the sad years of her childhood and the day came when she was brought back to the gentle sympathy of human life.

She was about 14 years of age when the summons for which she had never ceased to look, arrived. She carried it at once to her guardian and laid it before him. It was a strange letter; only a few words written hastily on a crumpled piece of paper:

I want Lena and she will wish to come to me, I know. In memory of old times I entreat my father and mother to send her.

MARY

No other signature; only an address in Florence.

Mr. Seymour was in bed with a lung-attack when Lena brought this to him. He read it and looked at her doubtfully.

"You will let me go?" she cried passionately.

"If this is Mary's writing———" he began.

"It is; it is. See!" and she put it in his hand the last she had received. "The trembling of the hand makes the difference. My darling is ill—dying, perhaps. I must go to her."

Her passionate desire won the victory, started for Florence that day, and before the week was out she and her Mary were together.

I have found in an old writing-desk of my grandfather's the letter written by Lena on the morning after her arrival in Florence:

"Mary is terribly changed (she writes.) I think even you would scarcely recognize her. I was so shocked when I first saw her that I could not speak, but now I have found my own Mary again and we are all the world to one another. She is alone. Whether her husband is dead or whether he has deserted her I cannot tell. She does not speak at all about the past, but I am certain, from her face and manner, that she had gone through terrible sufferings. Mary has two boys—twins. If you could once see them I think you would forgive her everything. They are the grandest, the most beautiful creatures in the world, and they love me already. I hope you will see them soon, for I am persuading Mary to come home with me as soon as she is stronger.

Poor Mary, alas! was never stronger in this world. She lingered for a few months after Lena joined her, and then, without one word about her past or one reference to the children's father, she fell asleep. The only direction she left behind her was that Lena should take her boys to her old home.

When Lena reappeared in the English village, bringing with her two little boys, whom she stated to be the children of Mary Seymour (no one could call Mary by her foreign name which was unpronounceable among the villagers) there were many remarks made. Unfortunately the children took after their foreign father and not their English mother. Mr. Seymour himself could find scarcely a trace of his lost daughter in their faces. Mrs. Seymour refused to believe that they were Mary's at all. But they were taken in, probably because no other course could be pursued, and inquiries were set on foot to discover their father, or to ascertain the fact of his death.

All this affected the children very little. They had the open air and their play-room, and the garden and the fields. Above all they had Maddalena—their Maddalena—who played with them, and petted them, and told them stories; and what did they want besides?

For Maddalena, also—it makes me glad to remember this—a new life began. With her two little lovers—that was what she always called us—beside her, she held her head high, and went about joyfully. While her Lucius and her Ambrose adored her, she could never be a creature apart.

I come now to the time when our troubles began. Our grandfather died suddenly. He left everything he possessed to his wife, with reversion to his daughter. If his daughter died without children the property was to go to a distant relative, in whom both he and his wife were interested. In the body of the will no mention was made of Maddalena; but in a codicil, signed but unwitnessed, it was entreated that Mrs. Seymour would provide suitably for their adopted daughter.

Our grandfather's death brought many changes to us. Mrs. Seymour, who had never professed to believe that we were her daughter's children, now showed her feelings openly. We were banished from the sitting-rooms, and our play-room was taken away from us. But for Maddalena, who clung to her little lovers courageously, we should have been banished altogether to the kitchen and stables. Worse, however, was to come. The relatives mentioned in Mr. Seymour's will, who was to have been the heir had Mary died childless, paid us a visit and gained a strong influence over our grandfather's mind. He confirmed her in her suspicion that we were no kin of hers, and advised that we should be sent to our country and brought up in the position to which he was pleased to say, we undoubtedly belonged.

I remember poor Lena's agony when she heard of the mischief that was being hatched against us and saw how powerless she was to avert it; for the ground upon which our enemy went was her inability to think and act as a reasonable being. She had not meant, he said, to deceive Mr. and Mrs. Seymour; but she herself had been deceived. It was not Mary who sent the summons to Lena, it was one of her Italian relatives, who having heard of her good prospects had wished to make provision, through her for other members of the family. She had gone to Italy in an excited frame of mind and she had believed everything that was told her.

This, at least, was the conclusion arrived at by Mrs. Seymour, who now sent for Maddalena and sternly bade her to make her choice. The Italian boys, being no kin of the Seymours, were to go back to their own country; she might remain where she was and enjoy the provison made by her late benefactor. In such case, however, she must promise to have nothing further to do with the little aliens.

It did not take long for Maddalena to decide. Desert her little lovers? Not for the world; not for a hundred worlds. If they went she would go too.

On that very day we left England together on our way to Florence. Lena had a little ready money and so had we, and we lived on that for a time. Acting on the advice of her only friend in the world, the Florentine doctor who attended our mother in her last illness. Lena wrote to an English solicitor for advice about us. She was told we had no right whatever against Mrs. Seymour. After her death, if we could establish our identity with the persons we professed to be, our claims to the property might be put forward. Nothing daunted, Lena set herself to work. She kissed her little lovers, who were not in the least uneasy either about the future or the present, told them to be of good heart, for though all the world might desert them she never would, and began to consider how she could make money for them.

Lena had inherited her mother's beautiful voice, and Mr. Seymour, who loved music, had procured some good instruction for her. With a little more training, given to her freely by an Italian master who admired her for her independence, she became a finished concert-singer, and managed, for some time to support herself and educate us by singing in concert-halls and private drawing-rooms. In the meantime her clever brain which never rested for a moment, was busy in other ways. "You are English boys," she said to us, "and I mean, if I can afford it, to send you both to a good English school, but I can't do it yet."

She was, in fact, at that very moment fitting herself for another career. We did not then know what she was to us. When, before she was 20, people said she looked as worn as a woman of 40—when that Italian doctor, of whom we were both desperately jealous, came to our little home and entreated our Maddalena not to kill ourself, we had but a small idea of what was going on. We did not know that for our sakes—to educate us, and feed us, and keep us as gentlemen—she was working early in the morning and late at night, working her beautiful youth away. Yet so it was, for, while Lena was perfecting her voice, she was making for herself that exquisite style of English composition through which, a few years later, the romances that had been her delight when she was a lonely child in the Devonshire woods, became known to hundreds and thousands of children all over the world.

Her full meed of fame did not come until much later; but in the meantime she gained her wish, for her little lovers were sent by her to one of the first of the English public schools.

No one now could have ventured to speak of Maddalena as different from others, save as by her genius, her industry, and her noble faithfullness to a trust committed to her by a dying friend, she excelled all other women upon earth. When, therefore, after several years of our school life had gone by, our grandmother died, and the question of our right to our grandfather's property had to be tried, this (his surest ground for contention of our claim) was cut from under the feet of our adversary.

As it turned, however, the question of Maddalena's capacity and incapacity to think and act reasonably did not require to be entered into, for an unexpected champion appeared. When she was battling with the world for us the Italian doctor, to whom reference has been made, had been busy gathering evidence in support of our claim. He brought forward now, and it proved so complete that the case was not even taken into court.

My brother and I stepped into our inheritance, and Maddalena at our earnest entreaty assumed the management of our old home, where we spent the first summer that followed the events I have narrated. We were then nearly 20, and we had been for some time at the University of Oxford. It will be imagined that we were perfectly happy, but I am forced to confess that we were not quite so happy as we had been. Lena, indeed, had not changed. But this, I think, was the principal source of our discontent. We would have liked her to change a little. We would have liked at least so we both persuaded ourselves to see her show some small preference to one of us over the other. There were two of us, and were provokingly alike, but there was only one Lena, and she had no right, we thought, to think of us in exactly the same way.

Such was the state of our feelings when one day we missed Maddalena. We knew her love for the riverside and we sought for her along the banks, Lucius taking one direction and I another.

It was I who found her. She was in the nook she loved beyond all others, where, under overarching trees, the mountain ash, the birch and the willow, our river sweeps round a mass of rock covered with moss and ferns, and harboring in its crevices the loveliest of flowers. Lena was seated on the moss-covered rock. Her face was in shadow and her eyes were cast down, and her lips were parted in a smile of deep content.

Feeling an indescribable pang at my heart, I pressed forward. It was as I thought. Our Maddalena was not alone. The friend who had sustained and helped her through these long years—the Italian doctor—was by her side, and one glimpse of his face was enough to show me what had happened. I stole away as softly as I could and left them to themselves.

Presently I met Lucius. He looked at me suspiciously and asked if I had found Maddalena.

"Yes," I answered, "I have found her. She does not want us."

"Us?" he echoed, angrily, "What do you mean?"

I put my hand on his arm, for he was on the point of rushing to find her. "Lucius," I said, "the Signor Dottore is with her."

"What!" he cried, "here!"

"Yes, here! in Maddalena's green parlor. They look very happy. I think we ought not to disturb them."

From that moment Lucius and I were friends, and we never fell out again.

Music Revives Memories.

We were off Cape Hatteras on a Charleston steamer one Sunday evening in August. The first mate was a tall, good-looking, middle-aged man. I was chatting with him at the the starboard gunwale, while a group of well-bred young men, returning to Charleston from their summer vacation, were singing "In the Gloaming," "John Brown's body," and "Sweet Bye and Bye." As they came to the chorus of this last song, he stopped talking and joined in the singing. When through he said, "Nothing takes hold of me like sacred music." And then, amid the swash of the waves, he related to me the following incident:

"When a very little fellow, I did something which deserved severe punishment. My mother took me on her lap and talked to me kindly; then made me kneel down by her while she prayed for me, and then the family joined with her in singing, 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name' to Coronation. At the age of 28 I found myself in New York after a trip round the world, a rough sailor. One evening I was going up town with a number of my shipmates for a night of pleasure. Near St. John's Park I heard from a church we were approaching the first strains of 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.' With the vividness with which lightning reveals objects on a dark night, that scene in my Massachusetts home, unheeded for more than twenty years, came back to me. The admonition, the prayer, the swelling tones of old Coronation, my sainted mother—did she look down on my wicked courses?—was this the way that prayer was being answered? Like a flash my mind was made up. 'Boys,' said I, 'I'm going into this church.' They jeered, and taunted and coaxed, but all to no purpose. I left them and walked in. The house was packed. They led me to an extra chair in front of the pulpit and facing that vast congregation.

"Under other circumstances," said he, "I would sooner have faced the cannon's mouth, but upborne by the flood tide of such memoris and the exaltation of the swelling chorus,

Crown Him! crown Him! Lord of all,

I forgot all about the faces before me. From that hour," he added, in a voice hardly audible above the noise of the waves, "I have tried to lead a new life—a life worthy of my manhood, worthy of my mother."

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

HORSE NOTES.

—The Preakness Stable offers to sell any horse in its list in training.

—John Reiley, of Philadelphia, has purchased the pacer Frank W. for $1000.

—St. Blaise is the eleventh Derby winner imported into the United States.

—El Hutchings, of Danville, Ky., drove his 3-year-old Grandby a fine race.

—The English horse Woodstock, by Sir Bevys, out of Stella, by Mogador, is coming to the New York Horse Show.

—W. H. Crawford and Ed Bither were at the Lexington races. Bither drove Bermuda against Nutbreaker in the 2-year-old stakes.

—Elvira has not lost her speed although she has gone blind. Fuller, her driver, says she can trot a mile in 2.17, blind as she is.

—John Shepard, of Boston, is driving De Barry, 2.19½, with Mill Boy, on the road.

—Moore Floyd, of New York, has bought Lena Swallow, 2.19, from Forbes & Wilhite, for $5000.

—R. J. Lucas has purchased the 3-year-old colt Volo, by Aramis, from Mr. Powers for $2000.

—An association of gentlemen is about forming to take charge of the Herring Run (Md.) Track.

—J. N. Carlisle & Co. have purchased McBowling, by Tom Bowling, from J. W. Rogers for $1000.

—Commodore Kittson's Pardee will probably stand another preparation. He was unable to put his foot down for nearly a week after his memorable finish for the Lorillard stakes.

—The match race between Isidor Cohnfield's Maxey Cobb and John Murphy's unnamed stallion hangs fire, and is not likely to be arranged.

—The Covington (Ky.) fall running meeting was a success in every way. In addition to the eight regular days, racing was given on three extra days.

—Johnston, the pacer, is reported to be all right again. Next season he will be put in training, and, if they gait right, will probably be driven double with Minnie R.

—The pacer Fritz, g. g., record 2.18, fell dead from heart disease at New York on the 17th after pacing a mile in 2.30. He was owned by John S. Campbell, the former driver of Richball, and was valued at $50,000.

—George Lindenberger and Steve Maxwell, of Louisville, Ky., are two gentlemen who are hard to beat as a team. While they were at the Lexington races they saw their townsman, Henry Simons, drive "Bob" Johnson. By the way, Simons sits with as much grace and with more ease on a piano stool than in a sulky, and he can play the same tune over and over again.

—Recently, W. L. Jones took to Kentucky, for the Dwyer Bros., George Kinney, Barnes, Miss Woodford and the yearling colt by Luke Blackburn, out of Ivy Leaf, by imported Australian. They all go to the Runnymede Stud of Messrs. Clay & Woodford, in Bourbon county, where they will pass the winter. If Miss Woodford remains all right she will be trained the coming spring, otherwise the brothers will most likely breed her to Hindoo.

—W. L. Scott's Algerian Stable was the most successful at the fall meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club, winning two races and $5215; the Rancocas Stable won four and $4550; La Masney Bros., one and $3875; J. T. Williams, two and $2450; Oden Bowie, one and $1300; J. E. McDonald, two and $1100; L. Curran, two and $900; M. Nolan, one and $945; C. H. Pettingill, two and $790; Dwyer Bros., $700; W. P. Burch, one and $500; G. W. Jennings, one and $500; G. H. Kernaghan, one and $400; J. McMahon, $300; Excelsior Stable, one and $300; A. Shields, $200; C. W. Medinger, $100; William Jennings, $100; D. C. Fannin & Co., $100; G. L. Lorillard, $100; F. C. Ziebig, $100; Davis & Hall, $50.

—This year has been especially prolific in the development of fast trotting youngsters. Kentucky holds the winning hand with the phenomenons Nutbreaker, Patron, Princeton, Greenlander, Silverone, Eaglebird, Prince Wilkes and Reference; Maine produced Nelson; Minnesota, Lord Nelson; California, Manzanita; and Illinois, Jeanette. The leading 5-year-old is Epaulette, with a record of 2.19. Patron, a 3-year-old, equaled Hinda Rose's best mile (2.19½) at that age during the Lexington meeting now in progress, and beat Steinway's 3-year-old stallion, record of 2.25¾.

—As Mr. Bonner returned from a spin behind Maud S. to McCoomb's dam, recently, he talked a few minutes with a reporter about the famous mare. "She drove very pleasantly to-day, as she always does," he said. "Of course, it would not do for a grandmother to drive her. Her condition at present is superb. She is never troublesome on the road, but you have to watch her carefully, she is so high spirited. It requires a reinsman to be behind her. She is much more agreeable to drive than I ever supposed she would be. She does not pull. As soon as you start her with another horse she knows what that means. As regards her affectionate disposition, she's a regular cosset. There never was a kinder disposition or better temper. I never knew her to lay back her ears in the stall nor to threaten to bite or kick. She is a great pet."

"Do you speed her much on the road?"

"No, I do not. That is to say, I let her go a three-minute or a 'forty' or 'thirty' gait. I do not allow her to go at top speed. She ought to have what horsemen call a 'let up,' for she has been in training so long. I never drove Maud S, but once until this fall. But for the last three weeks I have driven her every day. A two-third gait is all I will give her at present. She is the only horse which has ever beaten 2:10. Since she came into my hands she has twice beaten her own record, making 2:09½ and 2:08¼. It is hard to reduce a record like that by a quarter of a second. As one of my friends once remarked: 'When you get down to such figures a quarter of a second looks as big as a church steeple.'"

FASHION NOTES.

—What can be prettier or more becoming to a baby than one of those soft, fleecy little hoods, knitted of rabbit's wool yarn, and what more healthful? A little knitted jersey jacket of this wool would be an ample protection from the cold, and prove a most comfortable little garment so well. Why not try one, and run a little narrow satin ribbon in at the neck and waist?

—Furs are beginning to be worn earlier than formerly, and sensible people are awakening to the fact that the damp, chilly fall days are the very worst of the year in which to take cold. A shoulder cape of fur is quite an essential garment for our late fall, and no one who has tried their comfort will longer shiver and shake with the penetrating dampness of the late autumn days.

—Walking costumes are, generally speaking, of simple construction, with jacket bodice closely fitting and skirts arranged in broad panels with kiltings set between; this favorite if not novel style of trimming is often varied by bands of soutache or other fancy braid set in many rows around the skirt. The overdress is full and high in the back, this drapery requiring the support of the tournure of crinolette or hair cloth.

—Light silk skirts a little past their prime may be utilized with very good effect for house wear by making an overdress of angora net in either brown, gray or black. A cashmere or some soft woolen fabric should be used for waist or draperies, while the sleeves would be of angora over colored silk. Light blue under brown or gray is particularly pretty. A pointed vest of the lace over color adds still more effectiveness.

As a protection against the cold there is an additional comfort given us this season in the elastic woolen underwear, which clings with the tenacity of a baby's knitted wool shirt. It has many advantages over merino, first among them being its very light weight. Its effect on the skin would not be unlike that of the hygienic *crepe de sante*, with the difference that this new underwear is of the purest wool while the other was of silk.

—Beaded trimmings, feathery ziblinettes, marabout bands, chenille fringes, applique garnitures in silk cords and chenille tuftings. Astrakan, and many other fancy trimmings have in a great degree taken the place of fur as a finish to jackets and mantles, the latter less fashionable than for some years past, being relegated to the inside as lining in most out of door garments. This, for some reasons at least, is a sensible departure, as the very heavy and deep fur flounces of recent years, while they added greatly to the weight of the garment they trimmed, contributed neither to the warmth nor the comfort of their wearers.

—Whatever contrast there may be in the colors composing autumn costumes, there is harmony in the general effect, bonnet and mantle corresponding to the materials used in combination in the gown. The gloves also are in keeping with the prevailing tone, although the tan suede still retains its place for utility purposes. Costumes having plain skirts, in contrast to the overdress, are also worn, velvet or velveteen being a favorite for this style of dress. In this case the bonnet or hat reproduces the colors in its arrangement. Homespun is used in combination with velveteen and striped silk, the tone of the homespun showing in the velveteen or in the silk.

—The new Havane or tobacco brown shades that have a great deal of yellow in them are used with fine effect for lighting up costumes of mouse-color, seal brown, or plomb grey Bengaline and velvet; in some instances a third color is added, which is usually a dull blue shade, not so light as turquoise nor so dark as sapphire. For instance, a seal brown Bengaline skirt opens all the way down the back and the left side to show a brown satin skirt, trimmed across with bands of the yellowish Havane velvet, while the right side is turned back in reverse on this new art-blue shade of velvet; jet cording forming loops and very large faceted jet buttons are set on the brown revers. A second dress in these new combinations of color has the front breadth and vest of the dull blue velvet, with side panels on the skirt of mouse-colored Bengaline bordered with gilt passementerie, while each side of these panels is a revers of Havane satin edged with dark Labrador fur.

—In writing about the fashions we must speak of the prevalence of speckled cloths, materials of plain ground flecked with different colors, such as fill our shops and which our shop-keepers call "novelties." These, they say, are made up with a plain material, and as this fashion of mixing plain and figured goods invariably points to the polonaise, it seems that the polonaise is to be our fate, this winter. Nor is it a fate against which women with rounded and symmetrical figures need rebel, as nothing sets off a fine graceful figure to more advantage than the severe lines of a polonaise. For those, whose angular development renders a polonaise trying, our English friends present a means of escape, as there are ways of simulating the polonaise when a separate bodice is preferred. For instance, the flecked stuff can be arranged in panels down the skirt, with folds of the plain between. A scarf-like drapery of the flecked cloth can then form a short drapery round the hips, the ends falling over the skirt at the back. This scarf and the ends could be lined with thin surah of the color of the little fluffy flecks. Then the bodice could either be of the plain material, with waistcoat of the flecked, or reverse. These vests, of a different material from the jacket which is worn with them, have a very jaunty effect, and by having several vests to each dress a pleasing variety may be insured with very little trouble and expense. The white vests worn during the summer look rather cold now, but those of pongee and chamois *suede*, in shades of buff and tan, are effective with dark green, brown and garnet dresses. Vests of canvass, enriched with oriental embroidery in gay colors, are also very handsome.

THAT success inspires envy and dishonest competition is well known. The force of this must often have occurred to a Baltimore house which is known everywhere, The Charles A. Vogeler Company, the excellence of whose goods, and the integrity of whose business dealings are recognized throughout the commercial world. Time and again have they defended their rights against those who sought to wrest from them the legitimate fruits of their labor and enterprise. Last year in London, England, an unscrupulous dealer sought to place a so-called St. Davids' Oil on the market on the strength of the great popularity of St. Jacobs' Oil. The High Court of Justice promptly issued a perpetual injunction and imposed heavy damages. This decision indorsed the action of the United States Court at Cleveland, Ohio, and the Circuit Court of Baltimore City.

Referring to the merits of another valuable remedial agent placed upon the market by this enterprising house, a *Medical Journal* says: We admire the stand taken by numerous eminent physicians and members of the Board of Health of such cities as Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Baltimore, in publicly endorsing and adopting Red Star Cough Cure because it is efficacious, free from dangerous ingredients and without morphia or opium. Another feature which commends it is its popular price, twenty-five cents, thus placing within the reach of all a sure cure for throat and lung diseases.

HOUSEHOLD.

BRANDIED PEACHES OR PEARS.—Four pounds of fruit, four pounds of sugar, one pound of best white brandy. Make a syrup of the sugar and a quart of pure water. Let them come to a boil, then put the pared fruit into it, and let it boil for five minutes. Having removed the fruit carefully with a perforated ladle, let the syrup boil fifteen minutes longer, or until it thickens well. Lastly add the brandy, and then take the kettle at once from the fire. Pour the hot syrup over the fruit, put in glass bottles with wide mouths, and seal up tight. If after taking the fruit from the fire the first time a reddish color oozes from it, drain this off before adding the clear syrup. Choose always the fairest, firmest specimens of fruit for brandying if you would be rewarded for your pains. Well-made brandied fruit should keep good for years.

CHELTENHAM CAKE.—The weight of six eggs in sugar, four in flour and two in butter. Cream the butter, add the sugar and the six beaten yolks, lightly stir in the frothy whites and contrive to add the sifted flour without at all heavily beating the cake batter. This makes a good mixture for layer cake, but is quite rich enough to serve alone. With a soft icing of loaf sugar, which has been rubbed over the skin of one orange and mixed with orange juice, it is delicious. Simply glaze the cake after it is done, with the flavored sugar, and let it dry with the oven door open. If the juice does not make the glaze thin enough to apply put a little hot water to the sugar.

THE SHOULDER PIECE of beef can be made into a tender and delicate dish by letting it cook in its own juices in the oven without a particle of water. A stone jar with a tight fitting cover (or a lid of plain dough), will keep in all the flavor and juices, and the tough fibres and gristle are softened by the mild heat. It must be put in three or four hours before dinner time. The heat that comes through the stone is very different from that of hot iron, and it is the slow action of the steady heat that makes a rich dish out of a cheap joint.

COFFEE CAKE.—Two cups of brown sugar, one cup butter, five eggs, one-half cup molasses, one nutmeg grated, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one-half cup made coffee, three heaping cups flour, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one teaspoonful saleratus disolved in warm water, one-quarter pound of citron, one teaspoonful lemon extract. Cream, butter and sugar together, and be sure to flour the fruit before stirring it in; bake in a moderately fast oven.

PLAIN LEMON PIE.—To the grated rind and juice of two lemons add two cups of cold water, the beaten yolk of two eggs, two cups of sugar, and place over the fire. Blend two large tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a very little water, and add when boiling, stirring briskly for a few moments, until it becomes thickened. Pour into a good undercrust. This amount makes two medium-sized pies, and may be enriched by adding a little butter.

SODA BISCUIT.—One pint of sweet milk, three pints of flour, a pinch of salt, half a cup of butter and lard mixed, one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar. Mix soda in the milk and cream of tartar in the flour. Rub the shortening in the flour, then add the milk; mix and roll lightly, handling as little as possible. Make into small cakes and bake in a quick oven.

VELVET CREAM.—Dissolve one ounce or half a box of gelatine in a coffee cup of wine over the fire; add the juice and grated rind of one lemon. When the gelatine has dissolved add one coffee cup of white sugar; cook slowly, strain one and one-half pints of rich milk. Stir until cool, pour into a mold and set in a cool place.

STEAMED CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two thirds of a cup of butter, two and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, whites of five eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda. Brown part—two tablespoonfuls of the white dough, one-half cup of treacle, one-half cup of flour, one-half cup of each of currants and raisins. Bake in layers and spread with jelly.

THE BEEF ESSENCES are coming greatly into use for their "handiness" in getting up gravies, stews and other dishes.

LEMON CUSTARDS.—The yolks of four eggs, the whites of two, one cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, one spoonful of butter and one spoonful of corn starch, blended in a little cold water, and the grated peel and juice of a large lemon. Bake in cups and frost with the whites.

COMPOSITION CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, eight eggs, one cup of rich milk, one and one-half grated nutmegs, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one pound of flour, one pound of raisins seeded, one-half pound of citron cut thin, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar.

SWEET POTATO PONE.—Wash well six good-sized sweet potatoes, scrape the skins off and grate on a potato-grater, mix in one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of molasses, one of sugar, three eggs, pinch of salt, pounded orange peel, nutmeg and ginger to suit taste; put in a pan, sprinkle sugar over the top, and bake.

BEEF OMELETTE.—Pour half a pint of rich beef stock, or half a teaspoonful of beef extract mixed with a cup of boiling water, over a cup of bread rubbed to small crumbs. Season highly and let it stand in a warm oven for fifteen minutes. Make an omelette of six well beaten eggs; add the soaked crumbs and fry as usual.

A HOT SALAD.—Lettuce is more easily digested and makes a delicate salad when boiled for fifteen minutes. Make a dressing of a raw egg, a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a dash of cayenne, two table spoonfuls of vinegar and a small cup of cream which may be slightly sour. Steam it over boiling water, stirring constantly; when hot pour it over the salad.

LIGHT AND PUFFY ICING.—White of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, beat in gradually a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, with not quite half a teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with it, flavor to taste. Nice for the top of any baked pudding, whether to be served in what it is baked or in saucers.

A Railroad Man's Views.

Mr. Joseph Hickson, the agent in Toronto, Canada, of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railroad Company, is well-known throughout the Dominion. He writes that for several weeks his little girl was ill with bronchitis. He used different preparations and also had her treated by a physician, but without effect. Finally, he tried Red Star Cough Cure, and before one bottle was finished she was perfectly well.

Stick to your own opinion if you have one, and allow others the same liberty to stick to theirs.

General Chace of Rhode Island, says: "I always keep Hunt's Remedy in my house, it prevents headache and kidney troubles.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.

A Barberous Rhyme.

Lather me lightly and speak to me low,
Oh, interrogative barber mine;
And I will forgive if to make my hair grow,
You use magic Carboline.

Don't place too much importance on the things of this life, they are all passing.

AMONG CHILDEN there is no plague that eats away life's energies so rapidly as that of worms, which are the outgrowth of blood impurities. They are detected by nervous restlessness, unnatural appetite for food, hollow, sunken eyes, and a general bodily uneasiness. Parents should note these symptoms, and relieve the little ones by the use of VINEGAR BITTERS.

Any man who puts his life in peril in a cause which is esteemed, becomes the daring of all men.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom you converse.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

The latest fashion in personal jewelry in California is a scaripin made of a Chinaman's pet finger nail, from four to ten inches long, set in gold.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

A collossal bronze bust of Washington Irving by Frederick Beer, of Brunn, Austria, is to be presented to Central Park, New York, by a citizen of German extraction.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Railing among lovers is the next neighbor to forgiveness.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

"SAY dear," said an Evansville wife to her husband, "that dime you gave me for milk this morning was no good."

"Didn't give you no bad dime," growled Jones.

"You did too, I guess I know."

"No, I never. You've been getting some danged ribbons or something down town, and they gave it to you in change. Women ain't got no sense no how."

"But you handed it to me yourself."

"Didn't."

"Yes you did and I want you to take it back."

"I won't."

"Yes you will, you old wretch."

"Won't."

"Well you just will now; you see if you don't. I'll show you if women haven't got any sense."

At noon Mrs. Jones was all smiles, and waited on her husband so nicely that he felt like telling her that he had given her the dime, and was sorry, and would give her another, but concluded he would wait till evening. As she handed him a nice piece of pie, she remarked: "William, you'll have to eat this in a hurry; its nearly time to go to the office." William bolted it down, but all of a sudden gagged, and then swallowed something as if it hurt him.

"Mary Jane," said he, "I jist swallowed something that didn't feel right. what do you suppose could have got into that pie?"

How did it feel, William?"

Oh, sorter hard and round,"

"Well, guess it was that dime. You said I couldn't make you take it back, but I guess you have got it now. You may keep it."

Jones is still keeping it.

Can consumption be cured? Yes. One man only, discovered the laws of gravitation. One man only, discovered the virtue of vaccination. And one man after years of study and reflection, has discovered the cure for consumption. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" *is its specific.* Send two letter stamps and get Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on consumption. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

"Sweet Maud Muller."

Whittier's beautiful ballad contains a touching allusion to the many cures and sorrows which wear upon the "heart and brain" of a wife and mother. Thousands of weary suffering women have found Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" a marvelous recuperator of wasted strength, and of sovereign efficacy in all those derangements and maladies peculiar to their sex, by reason of which the vitality is gradually sapped, and the cheek robbed prematurely of its bloom. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Riches are good in their way, but a rich man with a howling toothache fails to see much use in money.

* * * * Young or middle-aged men, suffering from premature decline of power, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Illustrated book for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A comprehensive monument to all the combatants on the French side in the war with Germany is proposed for Paris.

AN ITEM OF INTEREST.—"Beeson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap prevents, cures and heals skin diseases, softens and beautifies face and hands. 25c., by Druggists, or by mail. Address Wm. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the last ten years the French Government has spent more than $2,500,000 for paintings and sculptures by living artists.

We depart from our usual practice and recommend Hunt's Remedy as a sure cure for all kidney diseases.—*Medical Gazette.*

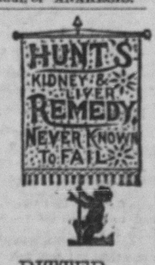
PREVENT crooked boots and blistered heels by wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Force yourself to reflect upon what you read, paragraph upon paragraph.

ANAKESIS.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant Relief, and is an infallible CURE for PILES. "ANAKESIS" is sold by Druggists everywhere.—Price, $1.00 per box. PREPAID, by mail Samples sent FREE by P. NEUSTAEDTER & Co., No. 83 Mercer St. New York, Sole manuf. of "ANAKESIS."

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINS IN THE BACK, LOINS OR SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.



TONIC AND BITTER,

It is Unequalled in Results and Permanent in its Cure.

LIVING TESTIMONY.

Blacksmith.

"Having had occasion to use a remedy for kidney troubles I purchased a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and it completely cured me—have no indigestion, and am hearty and healthy for one of my years (65)."—J. F. Woodbury, Blacksmith, Manchester, N. H.

"Small beginnings lead to large endings."

Carpenter.

"I was troubled with a weakness of the Kidneys. I had to pass my water as many as fifteen times during the night. After having used the second bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I found that all my trouble was gone."—Joseph O. Miller, Carpenter, Xenia, Ohio.

"Be a friend to yourself, and others will."

Fireman.

"I have been a severe sufferer with a weakness of the kidneys, and I took a severe cold while on duty with the fire department. I had terrible pains in my back, and my water troubled me. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY completely cured me."—H. A. Glass, Columbus, Ohio.

"To the good, night is not dark."

A Sailor.

Captain John Kimball, Sailor, New London, Conn., writes:—"I was taken with severe pains in the small of my back in the region of the kidneys. I had the best medical attendance without experiencing any relief. I bought and used a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. Four bottles entirely cured me."

Price $1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

C. N. CRITTENTON, General Agents, New York.

FARM NOTES.

ICE PONDS.—Almost every farm with a stream could have an ice-pond. A dam with a gate built across a stream and a flat meadow alongside would inclose half an acre or more of water which could be let down after the ice had been cut. Half an acre of ice six inches thick equals 300 tons; enough to supply ten families and dairies. At twenty-five cents a ton for the ice in the pond here would be $75; equal to five per cent. on $1.500, and making that half acre the most productive on the farm. If this is to be done it should be begun soon. For an easy constructed dam stakes are driven down on the line and a furrow turned up against the stakes from the inside. Planks are firmly bedded in the soft earth and are supported by stakes on each side. This protects the bottom and prevents leaking. The plow—a side-hill one—is then run back and forth in the furrow and the soil turned up against the planks. This is done on both sides. The earth is well trodden, and as the furrow is widened and deepened the material for the dam is shoveled out until the embankment is high enough. The gate is built in the stream with care that water does not work out on the sides. The dam will become firm before winter, when the gate can be closed and the pond filled. The earlier the ice is cut the better. It is well to sod the dam on both sides, and to do this I would first cut the sod where the dam is to be built, and save it for covering the bank. It would be fun to set the boys at this work for the pleasure of using the ice for skating.

MR. GEORGE SIMPSON, an English dairyman, says he has found to his cost that the ordinary practice of drying continuous milkers giving from twelve to sixteen quarts daily, does not answer at all. Instead of attempting to dry cows giving large quantities of milk, he now finds it better to turn them in a loose box and feed them on oats straw. By this means the flow of milk is reduced, and gradually they dry themselves, and without any evil effects following. The practice of suddenly checking the flow of milk of good milkers, by the ordinary method, has resulted, in his case, in three of his cows slipping their calves within forty-eight hours after the drying process had begun. If it has been attempted to dry large milkers suddenly, the organs became inflamed. Dairymen will find it highly important to pay particular attention to their cows, especially those of the Jersey and Guernsey breed, which are great milkers.

SOME of the popular ideas with regard to milk and butter are erroneous. A sample of milk at the New York experimental station which showed by analysis 10.45 per cent. of fat gave more butter than another sample which showed 12.53 per cent. of fat. One sample, with 5.90 per cent. of fat, gave three pounds and four ounces of butter, against two pounds and seven ounces from a sample with 8.58 per cent. of fat. It is conceded that the amount of butter to be obtained from a given quantity of milk cannot be estimated upon an analysis of the fat. The test of churning is the only reliable method.

LET a drop of fresh milk fall into a glass of pure water. If the milk promptly disseminates itself through the water, the cow that yielded that milk is not with calf, but if it sinks to the bottom of the glass as it falls upon the water, and does not produce but little of a milky cloud, the cow is pregnant. The specific gravity and viscidity of the albuminous milk being heavier than water, thus retains the drop of milk and causes it to sink. We advise dairymen to make a note of this and give it a test. If reliable the information may be of great value to them.

To keep flies out of the stable nothing is better than soft soap and carbolic acid thrown on the floor once or twice a day. The mixture may be made of crude carbolic acid, which can be obtained very cheap, and ordinary soft soap. The amount of the acid depends on the strength of the soap. This can be easily told by pouring the two together and letting them stand, after thoroughly mixing for an hour or two. Then mix a little with soft water. If too much acid is present it will be shown by particles of oil floating on the surface. Two or three tablespoonfuls of acid to a quart of soap will usually suffice.

THERE should be dairy schools attached to most of the agricultural colleges where girls as well as boys could attend and learn how to make butter and cheese. Why should not the women of the land have a chance to get some of the abundance of information to be had at our agricultural colleges? Surely the women have to work on farms, and hard too.

Two valuable colts were lately poisoned by snake root, *ex patornum ageratoides.* The disease known formerly as "the trembles," an affection of cattle, was caused by this weed. When eaten by milch cows the poison, to some extent, passes off with the milk, even when the cows have not been noticeably ill, and persons drinking it have sickened and sometimes died. The weed ought to be more generally known so that it should be shunned or exterminated.

LIME is not only essential to the soil but also to stock, and should the food supplied be deficient in that element the stock will be deficient in bone. For every 100 parts of phosphoric acid in bone there are 120 parts of lime. A herd of cows in Germany having only soft water to drink were affected with a disease called bone brittleness, but when the herd was supplied with hard water the disease disappeared.

A DAIRYMAN should endeavor to keep all his cows fully up to the standard. In fact, he should have no use for a poor cow, as he may easily sink the profits of his herd by keeking them. Part of the herd may be very profitable and yet the business be a losing one because the other portion does not pay. Each cow's milk should be tested occasionally, and if any one is found deficient she should be disposed of.

A VISITOR who introduced himself as the Son of Man called at the White House recently and was ordered off the premises without being allowed to make known his errand. And has it come to pass that hungry Democrats have been allowed to ruin the reputation of the Son of Man with the reform administration by filing charges of offensive partisanship against Him?

It must be a fine thing to get into the swim of London society. An old English paper contains an advertisement in which a lady of good position offers for the sum of $3,000 to take charge of a young lady of good family and present her to a wide circle of the best society during the month of July. As we are imitating the English perhaps it would be well to introduce the kink into our own country.

"WILL you miss me when I am gone?" sang Alfonso in the parlor.

"No!" fiendishly whispered the old man to himself around the corner of the house; "and I'll not miss you while you are going," he replied, cocking his gun.

"NO, YOU can't have any of my money," says a Massachusetts man to a tramp who solicited a few pennies; "You are not worth your salt."

"Oh yes, I am. You forget, sir. I am a part of the Commonwealth."

Purify the Blood.

We do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine deserving public confidence, but we believe that to purify the blood, to restore and renovate the whole system, it cannot be excelled, and we assure the public that this fact cannot be stated so extravagantly that a trial will not fully substantiate it. The influence of the blood upon the health cannot be overestimated. If it becomes contaminated, the train of consequences by which the health is undermined is immeasurable. Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness and other "little (?) ailments" are the premonitions of more serious and often fatal results. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the reliable blood-purifier, and remove the cause. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. Price $1.00, six for $5.00. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VINEGAR BITTERS

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Made from California roots and herbs, free from **Alcoholic** Stimulants. **A Purgative** and Tonic.

This Bitters cures Female Complaints, Inflammatory and Chronic **Rheumatism**, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Blood, **Liver** and **Kidney** Diseases.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Pneumonia, and Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, are cured by the use of the Bitters.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

It Invigorates the Stomach, and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

No Person can take the Bitters and remain long unwell.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, are destroyed and removed from the system.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St. Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

CONTAGIOUS!

I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. Finally I completely lost all hope in that country, and sailed for America, and was treated at Roosevelt in this city, as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection with the hospitals.

I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and I determined to give it a trial. I took six bottles and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my life. L. FRED. HALFORD.

New York City, June 12th, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

This remedy contains no injurious drugs.

CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm

when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from fresh colds, completely heals the sores and restores the senses of taste, smell and hearing. It is NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.

HAY-FEVER ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

25c. EACH 5 FOR $1.00 ANY DRUG STORE.

And the best every time. HOP PLASTERS are prepared from the complete virtues of Hops combined with Burgundy Pitch and Canada Balsam. Superior to all others because they act instantly and cure speedily. If you are troubled with any kind of soreness, apply one of these plasters and experience their soothing, stimulating and strengthening effect. A wonderful cure for pain in the small of the back, 25c., 5 for $1.00 everywhere. HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston. Sent by mail if desired.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

THURSTON'S PEARL TOOTH POWDER Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

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Mothers and nurses, send to Woolrich & Co., Palmer, Mass., giving address in full for Pamphlets pertaining to the rearing of children, etc. Ridge's Food is the best food in the world for invalids, and is readily taken by the little folks, and always with satisfactory results when taken according to the directions accompanying each can. Set of cards forwarded for stamp.

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Grind your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the BOX FEED AND BONE MILL. (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

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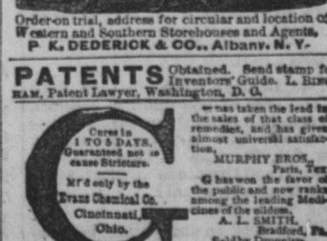

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was taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex. Has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the oldtime. A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

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RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. R. Mayer, the successful specialists. Time no more; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cases. Main Office, 201 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2722 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M. Sundays

$5.45 IN STAPLE GOODS FREE No jewelry receipts or trash; but goods needed in every house, that sell for $5.45 CASH, sent free on receipt of the addresses of 25 persons (18 to 40 years old), and 25 cents to pay for this advertisement and postage on goods. Certain satisfaction. Order now, as this offer is limited. NIAGARA SUPPLY CO. Drawer 168, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 11 1885.

THE CHINAMEN OBEY ORDERS AND GO.

Strange Scenes Witnessed in Tacoma.

Portland, Oregon, Nov. 4.—A dispatch from Tacoma, Washington Territory, dated Nov. 3, says: This being the day set for the Chinese to leave, at a signal given at 9:30 a. m., many hundred citizens congregated and marched in an orderly manner along the streets of the Chinese houses, ordering the occupants to pack their goods and leave. The order was complied with. By 5 o'clock p. m. their goods were packed and loaded on drays, and the Chinamen were marching along by the side of loaded wagons en route to Lake View, nine miles south of here. The Chinese merchants were given until Wednesday morning to pack their goods, each store being allowed three assistants. One hundred and ninety-seven Chinese reached Lake View about 7 o'clock p. m. and camped in vacant houses. It is probable they will take the morning train for Portland. Many of them are walking south of the railroad track. Citizens have sent to the Chinese provisions to last until morning. No trouble has occurred.

The U. S. Dispensatory and the Science of Chemistry justify the assertion that for tonic, diaphoretic and expectorant properties, no combination of remedies can be devised to equal in power and efficacy Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine. It is the safe and reliable standby in cases of croup and whooping cough. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. For sale at Murray's.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

A health journal tells its readers how to take cold. What most of us want to know is how to let it go. Take a bottle of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine and it will go because it must.

A sign in Cleveland reads "Ice Kream Sallune," which is probably the worst cold spell of the season; but for the worst spell of cold Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine is the best cure you will be able to find.

THE REPORTER'S OVERSETTING FROM THE GERMAN.

1st *Neighbor*.—Woman Neighbor, when you Callers have, is it you always pleasure? 2d *Neighbor*:—Verry, very, when they again Home return, and then not so soon again call, its me very pleasant.

Children, come out of the Cold in, it brings you Cough, Headache, and Sickness, and then must the Doctor come and you bitter Medicine bring that you well get.

The Croaker:—To-day is all quite different as of Old. The People want too wise be, and the Children they are not more Children but young Men and Women. The World gets every Day more Wrong and all goes to Ruin if Things themselves not soon change.

Curious to think that desks and chairs kill people, but they do. Taken in large quantities office furniture is fatal as yellow fever. We sit and write ourselves away. Sedentary habits produce constipation; that begets dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney trouble follow in their train, and death ends the chapter. You whose lives are passed over desk and counter and in the confined air of offices ought to keep Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" always at hand for stomach and brain. nov

£77,000,000 IN CHANCERY.

The complete "List of Unclaimed Funds in Chancery," up to Sept. 1, 1883, (London, published by authority) is now reprinted in the "Next of Kin and Heirs-at-Law Gazette," published by Wm. Raich, New York City. Postoffice Box 3409. Office 251 William Street. Subscription $2 per year. Single copies ten cents.

The "Gazette" also contains the lists of "Unclaimed Dividends" in the bank of England, giving the names and amounts.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

Consumptives and all who suffer from any affections of the throat and lungs, can find a cure in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Thousands of permanent cures verify the truth of this statement. No medicine can show such a record of wonderful cures. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers now gratefully proclaim they owe their lives to this New Discovery. It costs you nothing to give it a trial. Free trial bottles at J. Zeller & Sons, Bellefonte, drug store. Large size $1.

HOG CHOLERA IN ILLINOIS.

Tolono, Ill., Nov. 2.—More than 1,000 hogs have died of hog cholera within a few weeks in the southern part of Crittenden twp. The loss will not fall far below $10,000. The disease is rapidly spreading, and threatens to attack every herd in Campaign county.

There must be an open road between the food we eat and the substance of which our bodies are composed. If the road is clogged or closed we sicken, faint and die. This road is made up of the organs of digestion and assimilation. Of these the stomach and liver are chief. Most people have had more or less experience of the horrors of constipation. Prevent it and all its fearful sequences by using Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy." It is the first step that costs. nov

VERY REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved that she is able now to do her own work."

Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest to their curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at J. Zeller & Son's, Bellefonte.

The secret art of beauty lies not in cosmetics, but is only in pure blood and a healthy performance of the vital functions, which can be obtained by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

DISEASES OF WINE.

The cryptogram, *Myeoderma aceti*, makes wine into vinegar; its congenor, *Myeoderma vini*, which lives on new young wine, fades and withers in old and does no harm. When, however, wine "spurts" in the barrel, is turbid to the eye and flat to the taste—when, poured into a glass, a crown of small bubbles rises to the top, and when, slightly shaken, silky little waves move about in all directions, then a minute a filament, about the thousandth part of a millimeter in diameter, of variable length and extreme tenacity, has made its appearance. In large quantities this organism forms a glutinous deposit at the bottom of the cask, producing carbonic acid, which spoils the wine. The disease of turbid, spurted and spoiled wine is fermentation, caused by an organism—a ferment—originally existing on the surface of the grape, where also exists the organism which causes the orderly and vinous fermentation. All red wines, especially the finest of the Cote d'Or, are subject to this disease, which makes them bitter and unfit to drink. White wines, on the contrary, are exempt from this, but are subject to another disease called *maladie de la graisse*. They, too, become very turbid; but where the red are bitter, these are flat, insipid and viscous. This *maladie de la graisse* is due to a filamentous organism like that which makes red wine spurt; but the two differ in structure and physiological action. The remedy in either case is to kill the organism by heat. One minute's heaing at the proper temperature is enough to preserve the wine from all the diseases caused by fermentation. This heating in nowise affects the most delicate bouquet of the most delicate vintages, and though experts at first professed to detect a shade of difference in the flavor between the heated and unheated wines, when they had detected a like shade between two glasses poured out of the same bottle they confessed their defeat, and Pasteur's remedy for calorification was justified.

PERUVIAN RELICS.

Enterprising men might make considerable money in Peru by buying up old paintings and antique silver plate, of which the pawnshops are full. The aristocracy are compelled to have bread, even if they go without meat and butter, and as their incomes have been cut off by the war and the revolution that has been going on since, they trade on small margins with Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Jacobs, who do not seem to have felt the financial distress. The rarest sort of old plate can be had for its weight in silver coin, and genuine old paintings are as plenty as peas. Relics of the Incas are also cheap, as collectors have to sell them to live. It is still fashionable to go on resurrection expeditions, to dig in the Inca burying-ground for mummies and things which were placed in their graves. The Incas had the same mode of preserving the dead as the ancient Egyptians, and in each grave were placed articles of decoration as well as utensils required by the spirits to set up house-keeping in the happy land. Rings, and other ornaments of gold and silver, cups and platters of both metals in quaint designs, copper articles, strings of beads, weaving and cooking apparatus, water jugs, pots and jars, and all sorts of things, were always placed in the graves, as well as weapons of war and other curiosities that interest antiquarians nowadays. Any one can dig up all the relics he wants by hiring a couple of men and going out into the ruins which cover the whole country along the coast. There are millions of graves yet untouched. The most curious things are mummies' eyes—petrified eyeballs—which are usually to be found in the graves, if one is careful in digging. The Incas had a way of preserving the eyes of the dead from decay—some process which modern science cannot comprehend; and the eyeballs make pretty settings for pins. They are yellow, and hold light like an opal.

AN AGE OF CORRUPTION.

"In the court of James I.," writes Dean Church, in his Life of Bacon, "the atmosphere which a man in office breathed was loaded with the taints of gifts and bribes. Presents were as much the rule, as indispensable for those who hoped to get on, as they now are in Turkey. Even in Elizabeth's days, when Bacon was struggling to win her favor, and was in the greatest straits for money, he borrowed five hundred pounds to buy a jewel for the queen. When he was James' servant the giving of gifts became a necessity. New Year's Day brought round its tribute of gold vases and gold pieces to the king and Buckingham. And this was the least. Money was raised by the sale of offices and titles. For twenty thousand pounds, having previously offered ten thousand in vain, the Chief Justice of England, Montague, became Lord Mandeville and Treasurer. The bribe was sometimes disguised; a man became a Privy Councillor, like Cranfield, or a Chief Justice, like Ley (afterward 'the good earl, unstained with gold or fee,' of Milton's sonnet), by marrying a cousin or a niece of Buckingham.

Consequence is the best friend we have; with it we may bid defience to man; without it, all the friends in the world can be of no use to us.

Hoods, mitts, cable socks, children's knit socks—Garmans. oct1

JURY LIST.

The following traverse jurors have been drawn for the third Monday of November:

Traverse Jurors—Third Monday.

Jas. Johnson, Philipsburg.
R T Comely, Union.
James A Teller, Potter.
H J Crouse, Gregg.
George W Kelley, Worth.
John Bilger, Spring.
Pat Kelley, Snow Shoe.
R M Musser, Philipsburg.
Reuben Kreamer, Miles.
George Ishler, Potter.
Jacob Yarnell, Boggs.
Samuel Wise, Gregg.
Oliver Brickley, Howard.
J W Snook, Millheim.
Robert Vonada, Haines.
Valentine Reese, Union.
J B Ard, Ferguson.
J C Harper, Bellefonte.
Alois Kohlbecker, Boggs.
D M Kinkaid, Rush.
David Wyland, Milesburg.
Fred Gray, Gregg.
S T Harshberger, Spring.
Joel Tressler, Spring.
Reuben Gramley, Miles.
C A Mallroy, Miles.
George Kauffman, Spring.
John Nuttell, Philipsburg.
J W Smith, Unionville.
E W Gardner, Liberty.
Edward Yeager, Halfmoon.
Daniel Bartges, Gregg.
Wm. Hipple, Burnside.
E A Nolan, Snow Shoe.
Wm. E. Shultz, Boggs.
Charles Wolf, Haines.

Grand Jurors—Fourth Monday.

Jacob Cook, Howard.
G M Boal, Potter.
Daniel Long, Gregg.
John W Moore, Bellefonte.
Rush Larimer, do
Dr. G M Swartz, do
John Carper, Potter.
John R Herd, Philipsburg.
Michael F Feidler, Haines.
J D Eckley, Snow Shoe.
Robert Ellenberger, Ferguson.
Michael Kerstetter, Spring.
Horace Winkleman, Walker.
Reuben Grimm, Miles.
John Shafer, Walker.
J A Keller, Potter.
Adam Hartswick, Harris.
Jeremiah Winkleblech, Haines.
Simon P Neihart, Boggs.
James Passmore, Philipsburg.
Samuel Bennett, Worth.
B G Shafer, Walker.
John G Hall, Union.
D D Boyer, Miles.

Traverse Jurors—Fourth Monday.

George A Boak, Burnside.
John L Groft, Boggs.
W R Hopkins, Howard.
Thomas Flemming, Snow Shoe.
Thomas W Thompson, Philipsburg.
S S Miller, Worth.
George Adams, Gregg.
Charley Jones, Curtin.
Robert Shirk, Milesburg.
Henry Noll, Walker.
John Noll, Bellefonte.
James P Frank, Miles.
Alvin Stump, Potter.
Ellis Hancock, Boggs.
Frank Nelson, Philipsburg.
Wm. Clark, Bellefonte.
O M Sheets, Snow Shoe.
Frank Brown, Liberty.
C A Faulkner, Philipsburg.
Wm. Shunk, Boggs.
M D Snyder, College.
George Sanford, Philipsburg.
Nathan Fletcher, Howard twp,
J H Hahn, Milesburg.
D J Keller, Rush.
Aaron Elliott, Huston.
George Merriman, Taylor.
Daniel Grove, College.
L E Rodgers, Walker.
Homer Sakey, Philipsburg.
C B Hess, Ferguson.
W F Holt, Snow Shoe.
I S Frain, Marion.
John D Decker, Potter.
Isaac Smith, Gregg.
Benjamin Walker, Snow Shoe.
C T Chessman, do do
Jacob Smith, Howard twp.
Jacob Dunkle, Haines.
John Roush, Spring.
Emanuel Harter, Miles,
B F Hahn, Philipsburg.
Wm Stover, Union.
James Durst, Potter.
Frank Fiegal, Philipsburg.
W P Holter, Howard.
Samuel Hall, Jr., Halfmoon.
Samuel Weaver, College.

Traverse Jurors—Fifth Monday.

John Wetzell, Spring.
James Barto, Ferguson.
John Royer, Walker.
Jacob Webber, Harris.
Irwin Wise, Walker.
James P Lingle, Liberty,
Conrad Leah, Walker.
John Shenk, Liberty.
Charles Bollpne, Liberty,
Jonathan Musser, Ferguson,
Henry McClellan, Bellefonte.
Austin Hoover, Union.
J C Bechtol, Liberty.
Adrew M McClintic, Marion.
Wm. H Kuhn, Harris.
C F Montgomery, Bellefonte.
W C Miller, do
Augustus M Hoover, do
John F Harter, Millheim.
James Steel, Benner.
Geo. Rower, Haines.
John H Miller, Ferguson,
Jacob Delong, Liberty,
George Dale, College,
Wm. P Shoop, Potter.
Robert Crostwhite, Spring.
Wm. Lewis, Worth.
Isaac Williams, Liberty.
Martin Funk, Worth.
J W Carlin, Miles.
Wm. Boal, Potter.
Miller Stewart, Burnside.
Alfred G Calhoun, Rush.
George Hubler, Miles.
Jonas Stein, Patton.
Robert Reed, Patton.

TRIAL LIST.

First Week.

Smith, Seltzer & Co. vs H S Sayrs.
Emanuel Harter vs John Moyer.
John Hoy vs Adam Baum.
Bird Coal & Iron Co. vs B and S S R R Co.
David Durst vs Adam Krumrine.
Christian Freeze vs Samuel Greninger.
Henry Felmlee vs John Hoy.
J Tome vs Jos. W Myers.
Charles Hewit vs F B Crider.
L H Everts vs Benjamin Rich.
L H Everts vs Dr. R L Dartt.
Geo. L Reed vs Morrison et al.
George Flack vs Jas L Sommerville.
L H Everts vs A J Greist.
Mary A Barcroft vs Jacob McCool.
D H Hastings vs Magee & Blanchard.
W J Kealsh vs Robert L Shirk.
Commonwealth vs Joseph L Neff.
C M Houser vs Harvey Benner.
J G L Myers vs E R Jones.
Matthew Adams vs Overseer of Worth twp.
Jonathan Hess vs J R Smith et al.
J H Sands vs Lemuel Shipman.
W H Mann vs W H Confer et al.
John T Fowler vs James Cross.
R D Ross vs J S Knapp.
D H Landis vs R G Brett.
Alvina E Wagner vs J W Cooke.
John Ramsdale vs Hoover, Hughes & Co.
E P McCormick vs Jacob Rhonfeldt.
J M DeHass vs Joe Tressler.
John Bishel vs Vandyke & Wilson.

Second Week.

George Myers vs J C Motz and J W Snook.
Humphreys & Martin vs Wm Farmer.
John McDowel vs Geo B Boak.
Jas C Boal, Adm'r, vs Daniel Horner.
N and G Tailor & Co vs H K Hicks.
Geo N Hollabaugh vs H G Elder.
H H Wilkinson vs J B Hicks.
Samuel Stines, Adm'r, vs Mitchell Leathers.

Third Week.

D H Stovet vs Jas W Bowen.
Ephriam Hershey et al vs G L Schoonover et al.
Caleb M Sellers vs B and B and B & B R R Co.
Adam Grenoble vs same.
John Garbrick et al vs same.
Daniel Harman vs Centre and K. Turnpike Co.
Sarah Stevenson vs B and B R R Co.
Jacob Behrers vs same.
N H Humes vs same.
Geo B Stevenson vs same.
D M Osborne & Co vs O Perry Gentzel et al.
Frank Flanigan et al vs Rush twp.
Moshannon Banking Co vs Lee, Ramey & Co.
Matthew R Adams vs Valentine & Co.
J H Neidigh use of vs Benjamin Corl.
Potter Moyer vs Margaret Markey.
Henry Grove vs Richard McCord et al.
Centre County vs Overseer Poor, Philipsburg bor.
Fred Kurtz vs John Spangler.
McClain & Cook vs Samuel Blackford et al.
Jane Nofsker vs L & T R R Co.
G B Hotchkin vs Philipsburg Boro.
Fitzpatrick et al vs Frank McLaughlin.
John Hahn vs Moore & Wolf.
Lawrence Cooney vs Henry Gares.
W F Lehman vs P J Fagan et al.
J E Price vs T J Dunkle.
D S Ewing vs Jacob Eisenhuth, garnishee.
B F Leathers & Son vs Lebanon Mut. Ins. Co.

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THE GREAT SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR Unfailing Specific FOR Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS + LIVER + REGULATOR

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action. Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using this medicine.

The Regulator acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. It regulates the Liver, and Manufactures itself, causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, a tonic effect is produced, and health is perfectly restored.

It Regulates the Bowels and Removes CONSTIPATION.

It is a CERTAIN CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

The Regulator contains no quinine, mineral, or anything that will injure the most delicate patient, and is given with safety and the happiest results to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which a laxative, alterative or purgative is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

☞ { THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!

See that you get the genuine, with the red Z on front of Wrapper, prepared only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered bh it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masren, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BOWEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Letters testamentory upon the estate of Jacob Gingerich, dec'd, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

7oct6t G. W. GINGERICH,
Executor, Centre Hall.

Mason & Hamlin

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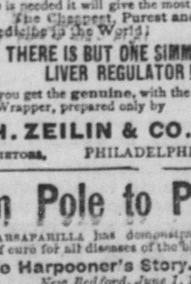

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We refer to the editor of this paper. 9 sep 6

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Men and Women of good character and intelligence. Exclusive Territory Guaranteed. A weeks' trial of sample Washer to be returned at my expense if not satisfactory. A thousand per cent. the best Washer in the world, and pays double agents BIG money. Intrinsic merit makes it a phenomenal success everywhere. For Illustrated circular and terms of agency address, J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

FEARFULLY COMMON.

Kidney Complaints Among Both Sexes and all Ages—A Brilliant Recovery.

There is something startling about the rapid increase of kidney diseases among the American people within the past few years. Many causes peculiar to certain classes tend to produce these troubles—as, for example, careless living, overwork and exposure. Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is often congratulated on the exceptional success of his medicine called "Favorite Remedy" in arresting and radically curing these most painful and dangerous disorders. Proofs of this like the following are constantly brought to his attention, and are published by him for the sake of thousands of sufferers whom he desires to reach and benefit. The letter, therefore, may be of vital importance to you or to some one you may know. It is from one of the best known and popular druggists in the fine and growing city from which he writes, where those interested may find Mr. Crawford at his place of business on the corner of Main and Union streets:

Springfield, Mass., Mar. 22, '84.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—For ten years I have been afflicted with kidney disease in its most acute form. What I suffered must be left to the imagination, for no one can appreciate it except those who have gone through it. I resorted to many physicians and to many different kinds of treatment, and spent a great deal of money, only to find myself older and worse than ever. I may say that I used 25 bottles of a preparation widely advertised as a specific for this precise sort of troubles, and found it entirely useless—at least in my case. Your "FAVORITE REMEDY"—I say it with a perfect recollection of all that was done for me besides—is the only thing that did me the slightest good, and I am happy to admit that it gave me permanent relief. I have recommended "Favorite Remedy" to many people for kidney disease, and they all agree with me in saying that Dr. David Kennedy's FOVORITE REMEDY has not its equal in the wide world for this distressing and often fatal complaint. Use this letter as you deem best for the benefit of others. Yours, &c.,

LYMAN CRAWFORD.

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Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

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A Cold or a Hoarseness.

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Croup and Affections of the Throat.

Price 50 cents and $1.00.

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REAPER SECTIONS AND
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DR. LINDSEYS BLOOD SEARCHER

ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES

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SASH, DOORS,
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Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

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SHOESTRINGS FOR FODDER.

"What's the matter, little girl?" asked a benevolent-looking old gentleman of a diminutive figure in a red shawl Saturday on Market street.

"Boo-hoo-ho," was the only answer the little girl could give for some moments, so overcome was she with weeping.

"Are you scared at the horse, sis?" asked the old gentleman. "He won't hurt you." A horse stood very near, calmly chewing away at something which was hidden in his mouth. By this time quite a crowd had collected. The horse turned his head toward the pavement and the little girl cried out:

"Don't let him; please take him away—boo-hoo-ho. He's eaten nearly all of 'em up now. Boo-hoo-ho."

The horse gathered in a luscious mouthful of shoestrings from the little girl's basket.

"You brute!" exclaimed the old gentleman, striking at the animal with his cane. The horse only shut his eyes and chewed away.

"How many has he eaten, little girl?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Nearly all of 'em—boo-ho! I can't make him stop."

At this point the driver of the horse came up and the old gentleman said:

"See here, young man, if you don't feed that brute, I'll put the Cruelty Society on you."

"I do feed him," was the gruff reply.

"What, on shoestrings?"

"Yes, and he eats everything that comes in his way."

"It appears so."

"Why, has he been after you?" asked the driver, as he mounted the wagon and drove off. The crowd laughed and dispersed as the old gentleman threw a quarter into the child's lap. She dried her tears and moved back from the curbstone, fearing to expose her wares to the dainty appetite of another horse.

HE COULDN'T GET OUT TO VOTE.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite last week, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff toes down. Nudging the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked: "Ah, driver, I wondah what the doose those boots are doing up theah."

Old Billy scarcely glanced up, as he replied: "That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."

"Bah Jawve, that's very strange, ye knau; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toes point down. He must be buried on his face, d'ye knau."

"Yes," said old Bill, musingly. "He was an Irishman."

"But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone full of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance said: "Well, do you see we've got a sort of superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burying 'em on the top of the hill face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out the deeper he gets in the ground."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman, gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

It was the new reporter who had come in covered with perspiration and dust as the last form went down to the press.

"Did it take you all day to do that Park water works detail?" snarled the city editor.

"S-s-sh! Speak low," whispered the new "special" in the C. E.'s ear. "Got on to an A 1 suicide out on the park—defalcation, probably."

"Great Cæsar! And we've gone to press!" gasped the editor. "The afternoon papers will get a beat on us to-morrow."

"Not much!" chuckled the reporter. "I knew I couldn't get here in time for the last edition, so I just queered the find."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I dragged the body into the bushes and covered it up with grass and things. A bloodhound couldn't find it. To-morrow we develop the claim and give 'em a two column sensation."

With tears in his eyes the city editor arose and fell upon his subordinate's neck.

"You are an honor to the profession," he sobbed. "I'll see that your salary is increased two dollars a month. I will, by Jingo!"

A green printer, in setting some copy, ran across the sentence, "——didn't say a word for an hour," the first word having been cut off it in clipping it from the paper where it first appeared. He took it to the foreman to supply the word.

"What shall I put in there?" he asked, when the foreman read it.

"Put in 'he,' of course; you don't suppose 'the' would fit in such a sentence as that, do you?"

Fall styles of hats and caps just received at the Bee Hive.

CATCHING SHARKS NEAR ADEN.

The way the Arabs catch sharks is very curious and interesting, and is somewhat similar to playing a heavy salmon, only no rod is used. A hook of soft iron wire is made very sharp and baited with a lump of garbage of some kind, usually a piece of shark too rancid even for a slave, and the line, which is small and very slackly spun, is wound round for some little distance from the hook with thin sheet lead, both to protect it from the teeth of the fish and to act as a sinker, and the other end is made fast to a huge calabash which acts as a float. When a shark takes the bait he tows the calabash about, but cannot sink it for any length of time, and the fishermen set off after him in their canoe, and when they get hold of the line they play their captive until he is actually drowned. The shark that was now on the hook was proving a tartar, and before the two boats came near the canoe which was playing him was capsized, and the half dozen men who formed her crew thrown into the water. "Give way, my lads!" said the Lieutenant, and both boats dashed away, the crews straining every nerve to save the swimmers from their dangerous position, the water literally swarming with sharks, and in a few minutes the men were picked up and their canoe righted. The Englishmen, like all their nation, fond of sport, next went after the float, which could be seen being towed hither and thither as the shark tried to free itself from the incumbrance, but the Arabs, when they saw their intention, shouted and gesticulated to prevent them from doing so, and a second canoe put off from the dhow to assist in playing the shark. With some little trouble the line was again secured, and after about two hours' hard work, during which Johnny Shark several times nearly mastered his captors, he was at length killed and dragged upon the rocks, where the English, as he was such a huge monster, had the curiosity to measure him, when he proved to be the enormous length of thirty-three feet ten inches. This was the largest shark they had ever seen, though both boats had had oars dashed at by the ravenous brutes, and on one occasion the same whaler, when boarding a dhow at night from the ship, had had her rudder carried away by one.

HEIGHT OF WAVES.

The height of the waves produced at sea in a storm depends mainly on the two conditions of the depth of the water through which they travel and of the length of "fetch" or unbroken space which extends from the shore. It follows that the most gigantic waves are produced where the sea rushes for the longest distance and at the greatest depth directly on the shore. In the long duel between man and nature we here arrive at the term of human power. At Wick, with a fetch of about 600 miles, waves of forty feet in height from crest to trough have been observed to smite the breakwater. Commander Dayman observed that the highest waves off the Cape of Good Hope rose twenty feet, the gales which produce them extending over a distance from 300 to 600 miles. In the Atlantic Ocean, Dr. Scoresby measured the waves with great care and accuracy on different occasions. In March, 1848, he wrote: "In the afternoon of this day I stood sometimes on the saloon deck or cuddy roof watching the sublime spectacle presented by the turbulent waters. I am not aware that I ever saw the sea more terribly magnificent." Looking from the port paddle box, he says: "I found at least one-half of the waves which overtook and passed the ship were far above the level of my eye. Frequently I observed long ranges (not acuminated peaks) extending 100 yards, perhaps, on one or both sides of the ship, the sea then coming nearly right aft, which rose so high above the visible horizon as to form an angle estimated at two or three degrees, when the distance of the wave summits was about 100 yards from the observer. This measure of elevation was by no means uncommon, occurring, I should think, at least once in half-a-dozen waves. Sometimes peaks of crossing or crests of breaking seas would shoot upward at least ten or fifteen feet higher." The mean highest waves, not including the broken or acuminated crests, Dr. Scoresby estimates as rising about forty-three feet above the level of the hollow occupied at the moment by the ship.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

It is surely a matter of interest to know whence originated the title "printer's devil." According to the legend, Aldus Manutius, a printer of Venice, took a little negro boy, left behind by a merchant vessel, to assist him in his work. It was soon rumored that Manutius was assisted by a little black imp, and to dispel the rumor, he showed the boy to the assembled crowd and said: "Be it known in Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and to the Doge, have this day made a public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him." It is not related whether the people took advantage of this invitation or not, but from that day to this every respectable printing office has had its devil.

Madras, madras chappeta, and pongee all 12½c. at the Bee Hive. Drapery—Garmans.

Corrected.

Miss Anna Johnson, of 24 Front street, Columbus, Ohio, says: "I suffered from an aggravated form of constipation and indigestion for several months. My family physician tried all kinds of medicines and pills, but to no effect. I began to think my case was a hopeless one. A friend of mine (Mrs. Elvira Redmond, of East Long street, this city), called, and seeing the condition I was in, recommended me to try your MANALIN. I must say I had but little faith in the medicine, but after I had taken a few doses I was convinced that MANALIN was the medicine for me. After I had taken one bottle I was entirely well of my complaint. I consider it one of the best remedies for constipation I have ever used. I have several friends who are using it. They think it an excellent remedy. I recommend it to all who are afflicted with constipation or indigestion. Any one doubting this statement is invited to call on me at 24 Front street."

Mr. Milton Knotts, Urbana, O., writes: "Last November one year ago I was taken sick, and called in our family physician. He examined me and said I had symptoms of typhoid fever. He gave me medicine for two weeks or more without any relief. I began to think that my days on earth were fast closing in. I saw at once that his medicine would not reach my disease. Just as I was about to conclude that I would have to die, my daughter brought me one of your pamphlets. I noticed a case whose symptoms were like mine, and PERUNA and MANALIN had cured him. I concluded at once to try it. I procured one bottle of PERUNA and one of MANALIN, and took them as directed, and before I had used the two bottles I began to receive strength and gain in flesh. I finished the rest of the two bottles and continued its use until the third bottle was used. When they were used I could eat anything I wanted to and go about my work. I consider that if it hadn't been for your PERUNA I would have been in my grave. Parties wishing information can write me at the above place. I recommend your medicine wherever I go."

Mr. John R. Davis, Moundsville, W. Va., writes: "I have been handling your PERUNA ever since its introduction. All who have used it speak highly of its curative properties. I consider it a reliable remedy."

Mr. George Fisher, Portsmouth, O., writes: "I am handling your PERUNA, and having a good trade on it. It gives splendid satisfaction."

TRADE MARK.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY,

THE GREAT

Blood Purifier of the World.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

MALARIA.

A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will positively cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

For sale by druggists generally.

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TRADE MARK.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

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Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the

CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

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25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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MANHOOD

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41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 490.
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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Oct. 1, 1885.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg			3 30 a m
" "	Montandon			5 46 a m
" "	Williamsport			7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore			7 57 a m
" "	Lock Haven			8 25 a m
" "	Renovo			9 40 a m
" arr at	Erie			6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg			8 10 a m
" "	Montandon			10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport			11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven			12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia			7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg			11 25 a m
" "	Montandon			1 30 a m
" arr at	Williamsport			2 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven			3 58 p m
" "	Renovo			5 05 p m
" "	Kane			9 25 p m
EAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia			11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg			3 45 p m
" "	Montandon			5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport			7 15 p m
" "	Lock Haven			8 15 p m
" arr at	Renovo			9 15 p m
	(Sunday Train.			
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg			7 40 a m
" "	Montandon			9 57 a m
" "	Williamsport			10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven			11 53 a m
" arrives	Renovo			12 30 p m
	EASTWARD.			
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven			7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore			7 29 a m
" "	Williamsport			8 10 a m
" "	Montandon			9 16 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg			11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia			3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane			6 00 a m
" "	Renovo			10 00 a m
" "	Lock Haven			11 00 a m
" "	Williamsport			12 15 p m
" "	Montandon			1 17 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg			3 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia			6 50 p m
WMPT ACM'N leaves	Renovo			3 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven			5 00 p m
" "	Williamsport			6 35 p m
" "	Montandon			7 41 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg			10 00 p m
" "	Philadelphia			4 25 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East run also on Sundry.				2 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie			10 40 p m
" "	Renovo			11 45 p m
" "	Lock Haven			1 05 a m
" "	Williamsport			2 10 a m
" "	Montandon			4 30 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg			8 25 a m
" "	Philadelphia			12 40 p m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with Erie Mail East and West at Corry with B. P & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P. M.	P M
1 35	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50
1 50	10 25	6 00	Lewisburg, arrive	8 55	12 55	5 35
2 00		6 30	Lewisburg, leave	8 45		5 20
2 05		6 35	Fair Grounds	8 40		5 15
2 14		6 45	Beihl	8 32		5 05
2 19		6 55	Vicksburg	8 27		5 00
2 30		7 10	Mifflinburg	8 15		4 45
2 49		7 35	Milmont	7 55		4 28
2 58		7 45	Laurelton	7 45		4 18
4 03		8 45	Coburn	6 56		2 53
4 52		9 05	Rising Spring	6 35		2 20
5 01		9 25	Centre Hall	6 19		2 00
		9 33	Gregg	6 07		1 52
		9 43	Linden Hall	5 58		1 43
5 12		9 51		5 51		1 36
5 20		9 59	Oak Hall	5 45		1 30
5 30		10 09	Lemont	5 37		1 22
5 38		10 08	Dale Summit	5 26		1 11
5 49		10 19	Pleasant Gap	5 15		1 00
6 00		10 30	Bellefonte			

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.25 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7 45 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store.

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2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following ADVANCED COURSES, of two years each, following the first two years of the General Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE
TURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A reorganized course in MECHANIC ARTS, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

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JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

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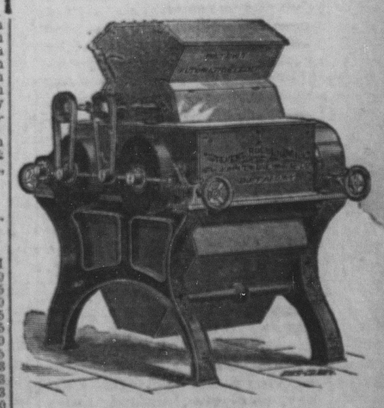

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Highest Market Prices Paid for Grain.

The outfit of the mill is the finest and among the best in the world, and work will be done equal to any mill in the country.

FLOUR AND FEED AT WHOLESALE

KURTZ & SON.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—One of the severest gales ever experienced on Lake Superior has raged there within a few days. For sixty hours the wind blew with a velocity of from forty to sixty miles per hour, and furious snow storms prevailed. During the storm on the 19th two barges, containing thirteen men, were separated from the steam tug S. C. Baldwin, of Detroit, and have not been heard of since. It is feared that they are lost.

—A large anti-Chinese meeting, with a torchlight procession, was held in Seattle, Washington Territory, on the 24th. There were 2000 men in line. "One banner bore a picture of 'Labor,' with the inscription 'Free Labor' on his breast chained to a rock, on which was engraved 'Monopoly;' on his head stood a pyramid of ten Chinese, a soldier at one side and a policeman at the other. Above this was 'This is Free Labor on the Coast.' Other mottoes were, 'Strike for Liberty,' 'Chinese Must and Shall Go,' 'Arms for Tyrants, Freedom for Men,' 'Charity Begins at Home,' 'Down with Monopolies,' and 'No Chinese Labor at New Castle After the First.'" The procession marched to the opera house, where speeches were made by leading agitators

—Canon Farrar preached in Trinity Church, New York, on the 25th, to a large congregation. Hundreds were unable to gain admission.

—An unofficial footing made in Cincinnati of the official returns from all the counties in Ohio shows that Foraker has a plurality of 18,158 for Governor. Leonard, the Prohibition candidate, polled 28,064 votes, and Northrop, the Greenback candidate, 2963. The County Clerk at Cincinnati has issued certificates of election to all the Executive and Legislative officers of Hamilton county, except the Senators, who are enjoined by court.

—John McCullough, the tragedian, was brought from the Bloomingdale Hospital for the Insane, in New York, to the residence of his family, in Philadelphia, on the 25th. His left side is now paralyzed. The physicians who will have charge of him here have a faint hope of his recovery.

—Henry Coggeshall, a member of the State Senate of New York, has begun suit for libel against the Rome *Sentinel* for re-publishing an affidavit of Dr. Robert O. Gunn, of New York City, charging the Senator with seeking to obtain a bribe. Coggeshall puts his damages at $25,000.

—The race between Hanlan and Teemer at Pleasure Island, New York, on the 24th was won by Teemer. The latter took the lead from the start, and was three or four lengths ahead at the stakeboat. In rounding Hanlan struck the buoy and was thrown into the water and Teemer finished the course alone. Time, 21 minutes 13 seconds.

—The deciding game for the base ball championship played on the 24th in Cincinnati, between the St. Louis Association Club and the Chicago League was won by the former by a score of 13 to 4.

—The President on the 23d appointed J. E. Dart Collector of Customs at Brunswick, Georgia.

It is reported in Boston that the President has decided to appoint Leverett Saltonstall to the Collectorship of the Port of that city, and that the appointment will be announced in a few days.

—Department Commander Curtin, of the Grand Army of the Republic of Pennsylvania, has issued an order denouncing "the attempt of a few persons at New Castle" to use that organization in the interest of Quay.

—In Cincinnati on the 26th, Judge Buckwalter granted an order continuing the injunction against the issue of certificates of election to the candidates for State Senators who received apparent majorities at the recent election.

The sessions of the New York Woman Suffrage Association began on the 26th in Albany. The attendance was small. Among those present were Mrs. Lozier and Mrs. Delia Parnell.

—Civil Service Commissioner Thoman on the 24th handed his resignation to the President, and it was accepted. It takes effect on November 1st.

—The President on the 26th appointed Oscar G. Perseley to be Postmaster at Wilmington, North Carolina, in place of E. R. Brink, suspended. The President also made the following appointments for Arkansas: Joseph W. House, U. S. Attorney for the Eastern District, and M. H. Sandels, U. S. Attorney for the Western District; Thomas Fletcher, U S. Marshal for the Eastern District, and John C. Carroll for the Western.

—The jury for the trial of Ferdinand Ward was completed on the 26th, and the testimony for the prosecution begun, James D. Fish being the first witness called to the stand.

—It is reported that many Apache Indians have lately crossed into Mexico, and there are fears of raids on the ranches and mountain villages in Chihuahua. The Indians have already attacked a ranche one hundred miles south of El Paso, and killed two Americans. Four of the Indians were killed.

—The President on the 27th made the following appointments: To be United States Attorneys—Joseph W. House, of Arkansas, for the Eastern District of Arkansas; Monti H. Sandels, of Arkansas for the Western District of Arkansas. To be United States Marshals—Thomas Fletcher, of Arkansas, for Eastern District of Arkansas; John C. Carroll, of Arkansas, for the Western District of Arkansas.

The President on the same day appointed Oscar G. Parsley Postmaster at Wilmington, N. C., vice E. Brink, suspended.

—The Acting Postmaster-General has made the following appointments of fourth-class Postmasters:

In Pennsylvania—At Millsborough-James W. Porter; Fallowfield, Alexander Snyder; Eldensville, William Cosgrove; Burlington, J. C. Brown; Green's Landing, Frank Weller; Tamarac, David Litwilder; Hayfield, Jacob S. Hines; Riverside, George D. Gerhart; Excelsior, James Gruzyuski; Marionville, J. B. Watson; Tionesta, Samuel Hazlett; Whig Hill, Eli Berlin; East Brook, John Waddington; Compassville, Miss Clara Skiles; Tower City, Charles Knecht; Emmaville, John D. Smith; Rothsville, Milton S. Hallacher; Petrolia, Thomas Carlin; Martindale, John C. Martin; Findleyville, John W Lank; Claysville, W. C. Scott; Courtney, Henry Reitz; California, Charles McCain. H. B. Plumer began his duties as Naval Officer in Philadelphia on the 27th.

—It is announced that the President will leave Washington on the 1st for Buffalo, where he will vote for the Democratic State ticket and then return to Washington, arrrving at the capital on Wednesday night or Thursday morning. He will probably make the journey alone. Secretaries Manning and Whitney, who vote respectively in Albany and New York city, will leave for their homes on the 31st.

The colored State Fair of Mississippi was formally opened at Jackson on the 27th. Governor Lowry, accompanied by ex-Senator Bruce (colored) and a number of other prominent citizens, was escorted to the fair grounds by a military escort.

—The remains of Lieutenant Commander Gorringe were on the 27th interred in Rockland Cemetery, at Sparkill, New York. The only persons present were the mother, sister, and brother-in-law of deceased, and the Assistant Rector of Grace Church, New York.

—John Teemer, the champion oarsman, arrived at his home in McKeesport, Penna., on the 27th and was welcomed by over 3000 people at the Palace Rink. Rev. Mr. Schoze made an address of welcome. Teemer said, in an interview, "that he could beat Hanlan again if necessary; that the race was a square one, and that the accident at the turning buoy had no effect on the result. The next man he desired to meet was Beach, and he had every confidence in his ability to outrow the Australian."

—The single scull race between Hosmer and Laing at Worcester, Massachusetts on the 28th, was won by Laing by two and a-half lengths. Time, 21 minutes and 15 seconds.

—Judge Vincent, recently removed from the Chief Justiceship of New Mexico, arrived in Washington on the 28th, to make a statement to the President in his defence.

—Z. M. Ward, a prominent lawyer and politician of Paterson, New Jersey, was shot, but not dangerously wounded, in his office on the 28th, by Thomas H. Dowling, a drummer for a New York firm. Dowling alleged that Ward had betrayed his wife.

—Assistant Secretary Coon has returned to Washington and resumed his duties at the Treasury Department. His successor will be appointed soon.

—F. H. Winston, of Chicago, has been selected for U. S. Minister to Persia.

—The trial of Ferdinand Ward, in New York, ended on the 28th, the jury, at a quarter before one o'clock, rendering a verdict of larceny in the first degree. The penalty is imprisonment in the State Prison at the discretion of the Court for not more than ten years.

—The President on the 28th appointed W. Lee Dinkins to be United States Marshal for Southern Mississippi; Edmund B. Briggs, of the District of Columbia, consul at Santos, Brazil, and Henry F. Weld, of Massachusetts, assayer at Boise City, Idaho.

—A stage coach was robbed by highwaymen near Abilene, Texas on the 26th. The driver was compelled to hand over the express packages and the mails were carried off. Two passengers who were in the coach were not molested.

—The municipal election in Baltimore took place on the 28th. The vote was one of the heaviest ever cast, footing up over 60,000. It resulted in the choice of James Hodges, regular Democrat, for Mayor, over George W. Brown, Fusion candidate, by about 3000 majority. The new City Council will contain thirteen Regulars and seven Fusionists in the First Branch, and seven Regulars and three Fusionists in the Second Branch.

—Rear Admiral J. C. P. De Kraft died on the 29th in Washington. He entered the service in 1841, served during the war, and steadily rose from the grade of midshipman. In June last he became a Rear Admiral by the retirement of Rear Admiral Upshur.

—The President on the 29th appointed Wm. A. Mahony to be Collector of Customs at Fernandina, Florida; Walter Goddard, Collector of Customs, at Fairfield, Connecticut, and George A. Hesson, Surveyor of Customs, at Memphis, Tennessee. The appointment of Frederick H. Winston, of Illinois, to be Minister to Persia, was announced on the 29th.

—The total value of our imports of merchandise during the twelve months which ended on September 30th last was $570,551,260, against $658,110,065 during the preceding twelve months. The total value of our exports during the twelve months which ended on September 30th last was $715,898,671, against $735,777,000 during the twelve months preceding.

—Robesonia Furnace, at Robesonia, Berks county, Penna., after being closed two years for enlargement, reopened on the 29th with a large force of men. It now has a capacity of about 500 tons per week.

—The Secretary of the Treasury on the 29th appointed L. M. Montgomery of Maryland, to be a Special Inspector of Customs for duties on the Isthmus of Panama.

—The mail stage robbed near Abilene, Texas, on the 28th by two masked men, is the same stage that was robbed a few weeks ago by a sixteen-year-old boy.

—With an eye to future riots, the Cleveland Police Board have distributed two hundred revolvers among the police.

—Every defaulter and thief striving to reach Canada by way of Chicago is arrested and detained in that city.

A DREAM OF REST.

In quiet nooks on Dreamland's Isle,
'Mid fancy's fond and favorite bowers,
I oft the moments sweet beguile,
And lull to sleep life's restless hours.

I dream of glories woven soft
From out the wrap and woof of life;
And thus in dreaming find I oft,
My heart set free from toil and strife.

The dawn and day clasp hands and meet
To weave a garland for the noon;
Then o'er my isle with joy replete,
Hangs trembling tress of smiling moon.

I dream of isles beneath the sea,
Where mermaids tune their harps to sing;
And oft I hear their songs set free,
And o'er my Dreamland's waters ring.

And then I dream of isles afar.
Beyond our worldly care and strife,
Where naught their lisping waters mar—
And drop a tear for earth and life.

I see cerulean waters nigh
The sun-bathed isles that softly rise;
And empyrean landscapes lie
Like angel dreams of Paradise.

I hear the rustling robes of spring
Trail through the bright elysian wood;
I feel the breath of spirit wing
Sweep 'neath the sunlight's golden flood.

I see the trees immortal grow,
Bright flowers deck the emerald sod;
I see the streams perennial flow,
And hear the angels talk with God.

I drink these joys like drinking wine,
While all the busy world goes by;
I know a sleep whose dream is mine,
That will no more awake to die.

A "PERSONAL."

Two young doctors were discussing affairs in the down-town office of a Chicago physician.

"Now, Karl, candidly, don't you believe circumstances have much to do in determining a man's success?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear boy. In our business, for instance, if an epidemic——"

"No, I don't mean that. Here's the point. We both graduated with honors at the Rush. You delight in the racket of the city—find a practitioner of reputation who wants a young medic' to help him out on his lighter work—and in spite of the difficulty in the way of working up professionally in a big city, here you are to-day with no small practice of your own, though still the junior doctor of the office. I prefer a village, and feeling sure the opportunity is better there for rising to be somebody, I open my own office, get acquainted, secure a good practice which ought to grow, but seems to halt at just this point, because with the rest of my expenses I can't afford a horse and buggy to visit with. Some way people do gauge a fellow by his prestige. There's no doubt about it. If I could drive instead of walking up to a front gate it would not only be a great convenience but business would comparatively boom, and I know it. That's what I mean by 'circumstances.'"

"Well, Jack, it is rather rough, that's a fact, that so material a thing as a horse and buggy should obstruct your way. Nobody ever was more certain to succeed in the profession—especially as a surgeon—and you are in the way to succeed fast enough, too. I'll tell you the scheme, doctor;" leaning back complacently in his chair, "try something original. Put an 'ad' in one of the city papers telling just what you want. You needn't use the outfit but part of the day, and can offer to pay for it in services."

"That would be original," was the dry rejoinder.

"Well, now, the scheme grows on me. Somebody might jump at the chance to have their doctor's bills receipted for so easily."

Mr. Dowling had been back from Europe about a month. He had gone there to dispel, if possible, the shadow of a great sorrow. In quick succession death had taken from him his wife and little boy. His daughter, of 15, begged him to send her to some college for the completion of her studies. She could not control her grief in the great house rendered now so desolate. The Dowling home had been an exceedingly happy one. Its location was in one of Chicago's loveliest suburbs. Its hallowed associations, while they rendered continuous residence in it painful, were yet too precious to permit Mr. Dowling's disposing of it by sale. Accordingly Julia was sent to the college of her choice, the horses were sent to a farmer for keeping. The house was closed and Mr. Dowling went abroad.

The house was now reopened, a house-keeper was engaged who already had "put things quite to rights," as he said. One of the horses again occupied the stable, the "span" being left upon the farm, and Mr. Dowling had resumed business in the city.

As he was closing his Inter-Ocean one morning preparatory to leaving the train then just drawing into the depot his eye fell upon the column of "personals." Curiosity led him on till he reached this: "A young doctor of good practice desires the use of a horse and buggy in the suburb of H———from 10.30 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. Compensation to be made in professional services. Address A 54."

After reading it he read it again. Then he cut it out and placed it in his pocket-book. In his library that evening Mr. Dowling once more read the clipping. "Well," he soliloquized, "I surprise myself. It isn't usual for me to cut out 'personals.' This is the oddest thing I ever saw, though, of its kind. I must confess to its attracting me peculiarly some way. It can't be a 'blind.' It must mean what it says. But why don't he buy a horse if he has a "good practice?' Perhaps his money has to go elsewhere. I haven't forgotten the hard work I had with my expenses to pay back the money I borrowed to take me through college."

He sat for some time thoughtfully before the glowing embers of the fire place, then drew a chair to the table and wrote a note, which he placed in his great coat pocket as he passed through the hall en route to bed.

The next evening Mr. Dowling and young Dr. Richards sat together in the library. "So, doctor, you think the chances of paying me in services are small. Well, I suppose that is my good fortune, then. You see I have no use for my horse during the hours you need one, and by having him exercised a little then, I lay up a reserve fund of medical attendance. You ought not to complain anyway, because your 'ad' and my interest and curiosity in it have brought you what you seek."

The doctor and Dowling became fast friends. The young man found sympathy and wisdom whenever he went to the senior with his success and failure, his ambition and his hopes. Dowling's wide experience was capital for his protege. The loneliness of the older man was delightfully dispelled by the fresh vitality of his friend. Each gave to and supplemented the other—so there inevitably came to be real companionship and true friendship. The doctor's practice did grow. It was not a little helped by his relation with the influential capitalist. For a year Dowling's horse was brought into daily use, then the doctor bought one of his own. But the intimacy of the friends continued. There had, however, been no occasion for the professional service wherewith compensation was to be made.

Julia Dowling had finished her college course and returned to H———. Her father in preparing to fulfill his promise to take her to Europe after her graduation sold their house. The greater portion of two years had been spent abroad. Mr. Dowling, on their return, finding that his fruit interests in California required some protracted attention in person, determind to spend a few years at least, with his daughter among its hills and orange groves. They were now on their way to California.

"I am surprised to find Richards removed to St. Louis. I thought him a fixture in H——. His being with his friend Charlie Kirkman shows they thought there must be an opening there anyway. I must write him as soon as we get settled, and resume my correspondence with him. I wonder if we could not induce him to come to California and visit us. It would be a real comfort to see the doctor again."

"Doctor, there has been a bad accident on the narrow-gauge. They want you to go on the wrecker. I'll be ready to leave in ten minutes."

This hurried summons came to a Santa Cruz physician as he was chatting in his office with a fellow doctor from the East.

"Well, Richards, there'll be work for both of us. You had better come, too."

When the wrecking train reached the place, a point where the railroad skirted the San Lorenzo canon, it witnessed a terrible scene.

Engine, tender and baggage-car stood quietly upon the track. Partly suspended over the canon hung a coach, at right angles to the road, its forward end on the ground and tipped upon its side. A cluster of trees had just enough opposed its rear truck to arrest its fall. Men held their breath lest at any moment they should see it topple over.

At the bottom of the chasm lay the debris of the rear coach. From it came such sounds as haunt the human heart long after time and place have faded from our thought. Down into the canon human sympathy and science carried aid. The dead were many. To some an anæsthetic came with grateful lethe-life had only hours for them. A few were borne tenderly away in whose eyes hope still lent a faint shine.

Meanwhile strong arms of rope were thrown about the other cach, and when it was made secure axe and saw gave freedom to the imprisoned life within. All were bruised, none were killed. One passenger only, a lady, did not move. She was lifted from the floor on which she lay. Dr. Richards knelt beside her. His examination showed a broken leg, some bruises and a lump upon the head, the blow causing which had stunned her. It was a lovely face into which the doctor looked. Perhaps he took advantage of his opportunity to look rather longer than the necessities of the case required.

She certainly did not know.

It was not so much the physical beauty that attracted him, though its presence made a due impression on him as a man. Nor did its evidence of unusual health so much appeal to his professional apprehension. Rather a combination of these, and, more than all, a revealing of rare refinement and of a character-beauty which could not be altogether clouded even by so great unconsciousness as that in which she lay.

Who was she? He wondered, and the surrounding group gave utterance to the wonder. A lady who had talked with her on the way said she believed the lady lived somewhere in the southern part of the State; that she and her father had been visiting friends in Oakland; that the father, having business at Gilroy that day, had gone ahead, leaving her to follow on this train to Santa Cruz, where he was to meet her, and with her spend a month at Monterey.

She was carried to a car, where restoratives were administered.

Before consciousness returned an engine came shrieking up the track. From it leaped a gray-haired gentleman, who, making a few hurried inquiries, hastened to the car. Richard glanced up as the door opened, and saw Mr. Dowling. The truth flashed over him in the midst of his sheer surprise. Their hands met.

"She lives?"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

It is now June at Monterey. "Nob Hill" and other city homes have been exchanged for rooms at the hotel Del-monte. Men and women dwelling where they daily feel the heart-beatings of business life have come where its pulse alone is felt. The fair invalid has improved amazingly. The doctor being anxious to return to St. Louis, has found it expedient to spend much time and care upon Miss Dowling that her recovery may be as speedy as possible. Mr. Dowling thinks the doctor very zealous in his efforts to discharge the old-time indebtedness. To-day, for the first time, the doctor has said his patient may walk without her crutches. He had a carriage ready to take her for her morning's ride.

Mr. Dowling had usually accompanied them on these drives—they have been very pleasant. He is detained this morning—perhaps the ride will be even pleasanter to-day.

Through the princely grounds—along the shore road—by the adobe houses of the moldering town—past the old fort and the victorious flagstaff on which Fremont raised our flag in token of his conquest, they wind their way. A sky without a cloud, an intemperate sun restrained by Pacific's bracing breeze—physical health almost perfect—love cherished but as yet unvoiced—should happiness not claim them as her own?

The sun is almost overhead, as, turning from a less traveled road which has led them from the ocean through the fields, they emerged upon a highway.

"Father tells me you find it best to go back to St. Louis soon?"

"Yes, I told him so last evening. I have been trying to convince myself that duty required me to see you well on the way to health before I left. When I told you last night that you could throw away your helps, I realized how great your improvement is, and that there is no longer need for me to stay. My month's furlough has grown to large dimensions under this California sky."

"Oh! Mr. Richards, isn't that lovely? Is that the Mission?"

"Yes, that is Carmel Mission, I suppose. You know I have never taken this drive before."

They were descending a hill, from the crest of which Julia's quick eye had caught the beautiful picture,

Before them and at right angles to their way sloped a rich green valley. To the north their glance followed its narrowing course till it hid itself behind the hills. Along its bottom flowed a stream which repaid its indebtedness to the hills by giving fertility to the level stretch below—until, not far to the southward, where the valley opened wide its arm, it mingled with the sea. Here stood the Mission, yellow with age, only far enough removed from the beach to be without danger from ocean's storms.

Over all was that peculiar hush of nature that comes where nothing human lives.

"How still it is, Mr. Richards; how sheltered a place for so holy a building."

"Yes, the Padres left monuments to their sagacity and wisdom no less than to their piety when they established these churches. What a fertile spot! How it makes one think of the care and anxious waiting that here found rest and peace."

"Doctor, don't you feel sometimes that you would like to practice in California, where its beauties, as now, appeal so strongly? I know they often make me desire a residence here, though I have no idea father will wish to remain more than a year at most."

Richards had drawn rein where, looking through the crumbling walls of the church, they could watch the play of the ocean beyond.

"No—not exactly that—but this place and time help me to know some things, which are not quite new to me, better than ever before. The Franciscan Fathers found solace and comfort here in this lovely valley and I have learned that God has provided for me a place of comfort, yes, and joy. Julia, I love you, and unless I can take you with me when I go—my wife—there will be little sunlight left for me."

"Oh! John!" and their eyes met and the truth was told.

As they rode back in the opulence of the golden sunlight Richard said, "Darling, personals are usually associated with something matrimonial, but I little thought a personal would give me my wife."

Mr. Gripsack "and Lady."

Some writers have secently been discussing the misuse of the words "lady" and "gentleman". That these words are now more frequently improperly used is a fact of every-day observation. The title lady or gentleman is no longer indicative of rank or station, birth or education. The negro porter or waiter, the bussdriver or stableman, is now as often called a gentleman as is the President of the United States or the members of his cabinet: while every female that wears a petticoat, regardless of rank or station, character or reputation, is honored (?) with the once dignified title of "lady." "I am a gentleman, by gad, sah!" no longer, even in the South, where once the terms "lady" and "gentleman" represented all that were of gentle birth, passes at par, since the ex-slave now uses the term once applied only to master and mistress and other "quality white folks," indiscriminately in referring to his colored sisters and brothers. There is one use of the word "lady" which we wish particularly to call attention to in writing of this subject, a use of the term we have criticised before, but which will bear repetition. We refer to the use of the term "and lady" in registering at hotels. There are still many respectable men, who, when accompanied by their wives while traveling, register at hotels as so-and-so "and lady," seeming to think that "and lady" means somthing more aristocratic or high-sounding than "and wife." If the husband noticed or surmised why the hotel proprietor or his clerks gave him and his worthy better-half such a sharp, penetrating look after registering "and lady," he would never again make use of the term on a hotel register. Would a wife submit to being registered "and woman?" "John Smith and woman" is just as respectable as "John Smith and lady." How would a husband like to be registered as "Mrs. Smith and gentleman?" A wife has a right to feel insulted when registered in anything but her proper name or title. "Lady" now-a-day is a wholesale term for the female sex. "Wife" means the true and lawful wife of the man whose name the term follows. So common has become the custon of registering lewd women as "and lady" under the pretense that they are respectable wives of the parties who so register, that some hotels now insist upon men accompanied by ladies whom they represent as wives registering "and wife." Men who are sailing under false colors, and even false names, go slow when it comes to registering miscellaneous females as "my wife," as it often leads to serious "embarrassments."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The laws of our religion tend to the universal happiness of mankind.

A lie has no legs and cannot stand; but it has wings and can fly far and wide.

The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Men respect the religion of those who are ready to lend a helping hand in times of trouble.

In studying character, do not be blind to the shortcomings of a warm friend or the virtues of a bitter enemy.

To close the eyes and give a seemly comfort to the apparel of the dead is poverty's holiest touch of nature,

We are more likely to lose our comforts from want of love and gratitude, than we are from gifts of wisdom.

Never leave your way to seek a cross, nor get out of your way to avoid one; appointed crosses are real blessings.

It is no help to the sailor to see a flash of light across a dark sea, if he does not instantly steer accordingly.

Words are spiritual forces, angels of blessing or of cursing. Unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

The proper function of a government is to make it easy for the people to do good, and difficult for them to do evil.

Good qualities are the substantial richness of the mind; but it is good breeding that shows them off to advantage.

Religion is the most gentlemanly thing of the world, said Colebridge. It alone will gentilize if unmixed with cant.

Keep your conduct abreast of your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illumined by the radiance of God.

It is absurd to indulge all kinds of excesses and vice, and imagine yourself cunning enough to conceal it from the world.

Be pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers.

It is good for us to think no grace or blessing is truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us."

Keep good company or none. Never be idle; if your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth; make few promises; live up to your engagements; when you speak to any person, look him straight in the face.

The old German proverb is worth practicing: "Honor the old, instruct the young, consult the wise and bear with the foolish."

It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.

We should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the finger.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostillity.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than day.

Let us shun everything which might tend to efface the primitive lineaments of our individuality, let us reflect that each one of us is a thought of God.

It is much easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition, to stand up for it.

Stories heard at mother's knees are never wholly forgotten. They form a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

Never speak lightly of any one. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper; small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

No one should see so much of the flesh in us as we ourselves; and our conflict will continue until life's sun has set. No final victory before that hour.

Simple emotion will not suffice to elevate the character or improve the life. There must be power of self-denial, strength of will, persevering effort.

The man who is jealous and envious of his neighbor's success has foes in his heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and tighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

Even in the fiercest uproar of our stormy passions, conscience, though in her softest whispers, gives to the supremacy of rectitude the voice of an undying testimony.

Character is made up of little things, and it is only through watchfulness over the details of right and wrong that we can hope to build it into the fair or enduring proportions.

It is foolish to try to live on past experience. It is very dangerous, if not a fatal habit, to judge ourselves to be safe because of something that we felt or did twenty years ago.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

If rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.

Always speak and act as if in the presence of your Maker; drink no intoxicating liquors; ever live, misfortune expected, within your income; when you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.

LUCKY DAYS.

When May with apple blossoms
  Her loving cup is brewing,
With beams and dews and winds that get
The honey from the violet,
With hopes on which the heart is set,
  Oh, then's the time for wooing,
  For wooing, and for suing,
  Dear lad, the time for wooing!

When August calls the locust
  To sound the year's undoing,
And, like some altar dressed of old
In drapery of cloth of gold,
High pastures thick with broom unfold,
  Oh, then's the time for wooing,
  For wooing, and for suing,
  Dear lad, the time for wooing!

When brown October pauses,
  Then ripened woodland viewing,
And all the sunny forests spread
Their fallen leaves, as heart's blood red,
A carpet fit for brides to tread.
  Oh, then's the time for wooing,
  For wooing, and for suing,
  Dear lad, the time for wooing!

Oh, listen, happy lover,
  Your happy fate pursuing:
When fields are green, when woods are sere,
When storms are white, when stars are
    clear,
On each sweet day of each sweet year,
  Oh, then's the time for wooing,
  For wooing, and for suing,
  Dear lad, the time for wooing!

AN OLD MAN'S YARN.

We are not on bad terms with the young folks, but we are on first-rate terms with the old ones. We fancy that we can clearly analyze the cause of this. We have our faults—who has not?—but we believe honestly that they are more the faults of the pocket than of the heart. A state of authorship is highly suggestive of a state of debt. All that we have to say is that, if the amount of brains bears any proportion to the amount of "little bills," then may we fairly assert pretensions to an exceedingly exalted position in the kingdom of literature. We claim the emperorship until some one appears with more extended credentials. Who's ambitious?

However, we fancy that the great cause of our cronyship among the old folks arises from the fact that, with all our faults, we never yet, not even under the influence of hatred, *betrayed a confidence*. We believe that, if people generally were to follow our example, the world would be all the happier for it. More misery probably arises from "tittle-tattling" than from any other cause.

However, to our story. I am attached to one old gentleman in particular, and he seems quite delighted when I drop in of an evening to smoke a quiet pipe with him. He loves to talk of the past. I may probably one day take the trouble to put some of his yarns in a readable form; but I never thought of such a thing until this morning, when, finding myself still under the influence of a reminiscence of his early days, which he narrated last evening, I got a pen and scribbled the following, which is as near the original as I can remember, and which I have his permission to publish.

Fifty years ago there was a romping, rackety, Tomboy of a thing, that used to get into more mischief, receive more scoldings and pettings, and make more noise in the old house than all the rest of the folks in it put together. This was our Kate.

Ah, Kate! Kate! she was always a sad lass, and yet her heart was like the Kingdom of Heaven, which shuts its gate against every bad feeling. The worst that could be said against her was that she was a romp, and yet, bless her noisy tongue! we should have got up in a gloomy spirit if the young plague had ever omitted to rouse the house with her pestering, persevering rattle. She used to say she couldn't understand how people could or ought to lie abed after the larks had turned out. Nothing but laudanum could have kept her there, and I've threatened to dose her many a time.

I think I can now hear her first morning salute. "Now, then, lazy folks! now, then, lazy folks!" And then the young huzzy would almost drive me wild with her incorrigable rattle; and she kept at it, too, till I made a rush to the door with a spongeful of water. I cheated her once, though, for three mornings running. I tied a piece of string to my soap-pot, and, on the first rat-tat-tat, gave it a rattle and said, "Yes, yes; I'm up, I'm up." But she found me out, and never gave me the shadow of a chance ever after.—"The artful good for nothing fellow!" said she to the folks; "but I'll be up to him for the future." And so she was, the young pest. However, I really don't think I'm any the worse now for all this coercive early rising.

And she was handsome, too. But where was ever the racket of a household that wasn't the handsomest girl about, at all events, in the eyes of those whom she tormented? I'm not going to talk about ringlets, and lips, and necks, and cheeks, and eyes, and eyelashes; she looked honest and happy, and if that won't make any woman handsome after a very short acquaintance, why then you can manufacture one out of an animated Venus, with all the stock of Gauraud's store at her command.

An awful coquette she was though I believe she did more towards getting the boys to school than any amount of canes and "keepings in" could possibly have accomplished. There were three fine-looking lads who I know used to come an hour earlier every morning, and at least a mile out of their way, to see Kate to school and carry her little slate and bag. When first they began this, didn't they look at one another like young bulldogs? and, although one of them had been "jolly well welted," it was ineffectual; the fears for his own black eyes couldn't keep him away from Kate's. So they formed a "loving" alliance. The smile of Kate was a coveted, yet a dreadful thing. The happy receiver knew "what he'd get" when they caught him "by himself.'—Ah, Kate, Kate, but you used to play the deuce with those poor boys! If they had but heard what she said about them over the supper-table, almost making us choke ourselves with the young minx's cold-bloodedness, why, murder and suicide might have followed.

She managed somehow—from my own experience I can't conceive how—to escape any severe attacks of the common contagion in her schooldays; but she was caught at last; her turn came to blush and look foolish, and to distinguish one particular footstep and knock from all others. I fancied something was in the wind when, one morning, instead of the old clatter, which she still kept up from habit, I simply heard a single rap at my door, with "Come, get up," and then she passed on. I felt so wroth at not being fairly forced out of bed as usual, that I took an extra turn over, and didn't turn back again for an hour and a half.

"Well? Why, yes; I never felt better in my life," was her answer at breakfast to our father, who fancied she was sick or something. And then she sweetened my coffee twice over.

"Why, what on earth ails you, girl? I heard the old lady say, a couple of days after. "How clumsy you've got lately! I declare, I shall get quite angry with you."

Kate pouted and went off to have a secret conference with Mary Housemaid. I noticed that she'd had a wonderful deal to say to Mary lately. A luminous thought flashed across my brain. "Kate's in love, or I'm a Dutchman."

What a regular joke! Kate in for it. What a jolly idea! Wouldn't I pay her off with a fearful interest for the way she used to banter me when I was "spoony" on the little girl at the cake-shop? But it was a serious idea, too. Kate was now seventeen. Never was brother prouder of a sister. She was the pride and benefactress of the village, and the joy of the old home. I never contemplated such a thing as Kate leaving us till that moment. A new page in her career suddenly opened before me—that of the future welfare of that dear girl, whom I had carried in my arms when I was a boy, and whose praises I now listened to with pride.

But was Kate really in love? I wasn't going to put my foot into it, for Kate was an awful hand at talking, and she would have worried the soul out of me if I'd got on the wrong scent. So I kept my weather eye open. But it was no use, and I came to the conclusion that I might possibly be mistaken, after all. I one day tried to pump Mary, but she didn't know anything about it. Oh, of course not.—But this had a wonderful effect. The next time I saw Kate after that she looked remarkably sheepish, and, when I asked her to come out for a short walk, she had one of mother's caps to attend to which she said *must* be finished. It's my firm opinion that that particular cap was never commenced. I believe that was the only story Kate ever told in her life.

"Oh, young lady," said I, as she left the room and bolted down stairs for another confidential confab with Mary, "very cunning you think yourself, don't you?"

I was in an awful state of curiosity all that day. I felt, I couldn't explain very clearly why, that Kate was over head and ears, and that confounded Mary was in the secret, and that she'd told Kate about my attempt to pump her. I experienced a strong inclination to throttle Mary.

However, love is no easy thing to keep hidden long, even when there is a strong motive to do so. My old chum, Tony Hastings, began to drop in oftener than usual, always bringing a scolding from his mother for Kate, because she didn't go and see her as frequently as she used to do. Tony seemed to have been suddenly struck with the idea that bunches of flowers and the last new novel were indispensable requisites for young ladies in general, and Kata in particular; and one day, as I went suddenly into the parlor, I noticed Kate out of the corner of my eye suddenly push something or other under the sofa cushion. I didn't get a chance to have a peep; but Tony was swaggering, a few days after, with a new gimcrack bead purse, which he'd bought in town." Oh, yes, of course. Cunning dog, how I could have staggered him.

However, I pretended to see nothing. My mind was now perfectly at ease. But I registered a vow to be down upon them like a thousand of brick one of these odd days. I had never, as I said, till then, contemplated the idea of losing Kate, but if I had ever thought about her marrying I would, if I had had any say in the matter, have picked Tony out for her husband from among all the men I had ever known. He was a fine fellow, was Tony; a noble-looking fellow, frank, and as true as steel. He was comfortably off, too; and this is no bad thing in a future brother-in-law. I do not mean this in a selfish point of view, but as regards the influence it exercises over a woman's happiness, and one feels the more particularly interested when that woman is our pet sister.

Well, to make a short story of it, the old lady's eyes began, gradually, to open, and she tried to open my father's too; but he said "Pooh! pooh! nothing of this kind, or *I* should have noticed it." (Depend upon it that our fathers and mothers are not half so sharp as they fancy they are.) But mother was not to be pooh-poohed out of a notion when it had once managed to work its way into her good old noddle. Once ridden with the idea that something more than myself brought Tony there so very regularly, she saw, as she might have seen a couple of months or so before, sufficient to confirm her in her tardy idea. She spoke to me about it one day in great confidence, and I replied, "Why, yes, of course. Why, I thought you knew all about *that* ever so long." Wasn't the old lady astonished, and didn't I feel like one in authority?

I bolted off to Kate instantly. "It's all found out," said I.

"What's found out?" said she looking as innocent as a sheep.

"Why," says I, plump, and looking as saucy as I could, "Tony."

Just at that moment there was one thing, and that wasn't vermilion, that could have deepened the color on Katie's cheek, and that thing popped in the shape of Tony.

Tony saw that something was up. I said nothing, but maliciously sat and looked at the pair of them. Katie looked at the carpet, Tony stroked his beard; and a very handsome one it was to stroke, too.

"By the way," said I, breaking the silence, "by the way, Tony, I'm going to town to-morrow; just tell me where you bought that bead purse of yours; I want to get one as near like it as I can. It is a very nice purse, Tony."

Kate raised her head like a flash of lightning, and I guess there will never be a telegraph invented which will say half as much in twice the time as two pair of eyes did then in about half a second.

I roared with laughter; I couldn't keep it in. They saw the game was up, and owned to it like martyrs, but felt highly disgusted with my powers of perception and unpardonable duplicity. —However, that was soon forgiven, and I left them alone and went to hint to mother that she'd better broach the subject to father, which she did with a vengeance, dilating much (poor old soul!) on his dullness and her own clearsightedness.

Father was as much pleased as I was at such a match. So the time was named when we were to lose our pet. (Here the old man's voice faltered, as though that hour of parting still weighed upon his mind.) Tony was almost continually at our house, and Kate and mother never missed a day going to have a long chat with Mrs. Hastings. It was a busy, bustling time for the old ladies. The fat, venerable pony saw more of the town that week than he had ever seen in any three months before, quite sufficient to elicit his disapprobation of matrimonial enterprises. When I say it took five distinct trips to decide upon the pattern of a carpet, I consider that I have said quite enough to justify the old fellow's opinion.

"Poor Kate, poor Kate," he continued, and a big tear stood in his eye, "there went a good lass. She's gone now."

And the old man busied himself in a corner refilling his pipe.

Skulls

It is reported that at the Anthropological Congress, which is soon to be held in Rome, there will be a collection of 700 skulls of criminals, with the photographs of 3,000 convicts and the brains of more than 150 convicts, besides thousands of autographs, poems, sketches, and special instruments, the work of criminals, with an album containing a record of 700 observations, physical and moral, on 500 criminals and 300 ordinary men. There will also be graphic maps of crime in Europe with reference to meteorology, food, institutions, suicide, etc., and tables of the stature of criminals in relation to the length of the arms and of crime in town compared with that in the country. Photographs of Russian political and other criminals, especially of those from Moscow, and wax masks of a large number of celebrated criminals will likewise be exhibited. Persons prominent in criminal anthropology are expected to take part in the congress.

Ye'll Need It.

It has leaked out that the last words of Captain Carter of the Genesta before sailing for Europe were: "There are doubtless many English skippers who think they can beat the Puritan with their cutters. That is what they will tell me when I go back, and I will say to them: 'Go over and try the job, and good luck go wi' ye, for ye'll need it.'"

Do not meddle with business of which you know nothing.

A Chinese Mason's Burial.

Che Lueng of 11 Pell street, New York, who had the post-mortem distinction of being the first Chinese Free Mason who ever died in Gotham, was buried with impressive Chinese rites on Celestial Hill, in the Cemetery of the Evergreens. Che Lueng had amassed what his fellow countrymen in Mott street consider a fortune, and was on the eve of his return to China with his savings when hasty consumption seized him. According to the almond-eyed tenants of 11 Pell street, his last hours were remarkable. He became unconscious a week ago last Monday, and relatives and friends who had sat cross-legged and moaning around the cot supposed that he was dead. They dressed him in brand new burial robes of silk and gold embroidery, and burned joss sticks near his head. Amid the purring singing of the mourners and the banging of gongs with which they accompanied their funeral song, Che Leung sat up and stared around. "Bad luck to your sowls! D'ye think Oi'm dead?" is undoubtedly what he would have said if he had been a countryman of Tim Finnigan's. What he did do and say was to point to his rich burial robes and expostulate against the waste of so much money. He fell back in bed again an instant later, and died in less than half an hour. His cautious relatives waited until Wednesday before they went to Undertaker Naughton's and bought a rosewood coffin to bury him in.

Four closed carriages followed the hearse to the grave from Eighteen Mott street, where the lodge room is. When the joss sticks had been stuck in the earth and kindled after the burial, the members of the lodge formed in a full circle around the mound and bowed their heads solemnly and repeatedly, while Lee Thong uncorked a flagon of liquor and spilled the contents over the grave. Then, in a soft, purring intonation, Lee Thong made a funeral oration. It lasted ten minutes. Bits of red paper with eulogies of the dead man on them were scattered to the winds while he talked. He held his teeth tightly clenched as he talked, after the manner of Chinese orators. When the carriages got back to 18 Mott street Lee Thong hung out a great red placard from the second-story window. It is said that Che Lueng had been buried with the full Masonic honors of the only Chinese lodge in America.

Jalapa.

Jalapa now contains not more than 10,000 inhabitants, having lost much of its importance as a commercial entrepot by the opening of the Mexican Railway from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico via Orizaba. Such another odd old town can scarcely be imagined. Grass grows rankly in all its stony streets, which straggle up and down the deep hillsides, winding in and out with labyrinthine crookedness. Its low *casas*, clinging to the heights, are all of solid stone—plainer without than those of Vera Cruz, but more handsomely decorated within; all apparently built centuries ago, and nothing but the sturdy vines that overgrow them has held their crumbling walls so long together. There is no squalid poverty in Jalapa, no filthy alleys nor uncleanly hovels. Every antique house is as neatly whitewashed as its canopy of roses will allow, and bordered with outside "dadoes" of blue, pink or yellow. The Hotel Vera Cruzana is a dilapidated but delightful rookery, built around a Moorish court filled with fountains, flowers and pomegranates, where peafowls strut and pigeons coo all day in the sleepy sunshine. Mine host is a picture to behold—his swarthy face half hidden by a wide sombrero, breeches bedecked with silver coins, and a dagger and brace of pistols stuck in his crimson sash. The tiled floor of my apartment is, of course, carpetless; the little iron bedstead is beruffled like a Frenchwoman's; pitchers and water-jars of dark red pottery from Gaudalajara are quaint enough to drive a collector of ceramics crazy, and the wide unglazed window has iron bars outside and rude inner shutters of solid mahogany, which wood is here as cheap as pine, made like the doors of a barn. The walls being of enormous thickness, the stone window-ledges are wide enough to admit several chairs; and in this safe but slightly dim alcove I spend most of the quiet days with book or pencil, after the manner of Las Jalapenas. Outside, at this moment, I see a *lepero* sleeping peacefully in the sunshine—for in this enchanting atmosphere even beggars forget to beg; and a boy, lolling upon the sharp stones that pave the main thoroughfare, is lazily cutting grass for his donkey with a *machete* somewhat longer than himself. These *machetes* (enormous knives, much resembling Roman swords) are worn by all the natives hereabouts, and are the universal implement for every purpose, domestic or mechanic, peaceful or murderous. You might search the whole great State of Vera Cruz for a rake or a hoe, and find none, even among the ranchers; but these huge knives are as common as canes among the dudes of New York, throughout Southern Mexico, Yucatan and Central America, though they are unknown in the Northern States. Doubtless, in an earlier day, they were essential for defense, and for cutting paths through the tropic wilds—and, among these unreasoning people, a habit once formed descends from father to son forever.

In quiet Jalapa no sound of wheels is ever heard, and probably a carriage was never seen here, for these steep streets, as tiresome as picturesque, were constructed long before such vehicles had been thought of. The backs of mules and Indians serve all purposes for which carts are usually employed, and horseback riding is an unfailing delight, for some of the finest views in the world are obtained from the surrounding hills. The only drawback to unalloyed enjoyment in these otherwise perfect days is the frequency of *chipi-chipis*, as the light drizzling showers are called; and even these are blessings in disguise, for they keep vegetation perpetually at its greenest and render dust an "unknown quantity." Of all the queer plazas, quaint market places and charmingly grotesque old churches it has been my good fortune to find, those of Jalapa bear off the palm. All the ancient stone sanctuaries have curiously shaped roofs, with towers and buttresses, having been built in days when churches served for forts and places of refuge, as well as for purposes of worship. Among other landmarks belonging to a half-forgotten epoch is the old monastery of San Francisco, built in 1555, looming up amid bloom and beauty like a ghost of the gloomier past. Its walls are apparently bomb-proof, but that wing which was formerly occupied by the Inquisition was rent in twain by lightning not many years ago, and the ghastly wound remains as a sign from heaven that such iniquities as once occurred within its walls shall be practiced no more.

The Franciscan Convent, built by the conquerors for the benefit of the early Jalapans, is now converted into a college. If one dare venture upon the moldering stairs that wind up its lofty steeple it is well worth the trouble of climbing them for the sake of the matchless view to be gained from the summit. The courtyard of the convent is a hundred feet square, surrounded by massive stone walls shaped into arcades of two stories, the upper part being a series of spacious cells. Now all wears an aspect of ruin and decay, like the fortunes of its founders, for more than once has the old pile been converted into a cavalry barrack, where the bugle has sounded the morning call as often as the big bell to matins, and monks and mules shared the desecrated cloisters together.

Chief Justice Taney.

Judge Taney lived to the age of eighty-seven, and he seemed all his life to be hanging on the verge of the grave. For a long time before Andrew Jackson appointed him Secretary of the Treasury, and got him to remove the deposits from the United States Bank, Taney was one of the leading lawyers of Maryland. Luther Martin and William Pinkney were for a time his chief competitors at the bar. At this time a man who had a chancery suit which had been a long time in the courts and bade fair to become a second "Jarndyce versus Jarndyce" was looking for a new lawyer to take up his case. He had employed both Martin and Pinkney, and one after the other they had died on his hands, leaving his case still unsettled. He was recommended to get Taney, and with this view he called upon him. He entered the office, took a look at the emaciated form and graveyard air of the great lawyer, and then with a grunt of disgust he turned upon his heel and went out of the door without saying a word. "Give that man my case!" he said to the first friend he met. "I would as soon give it to a corpse. He will die inside of two months." But Taney did not die, and he doubtless survived the above prophet by a full generation.

War Imminent.

Turkey refuses to submit to the process of dismemberment initiated by the Roumelians, and war seems imminent. Princes and people are greatly stirred by the prospect, and they are counting on possible contingencies for the extension of their power and prestige. Turkey says the Roumelians must remain her subjects, whereas Bismarck says Bulgaria may if she chooses, incorporate them in their principality. Servia and Greece, opposed to this suggestion of the German Chancellor, declare that if it is permitted they will have something to say, and will insist upon slices of the sick man's territory. And thus the matter stands, Russia looming up in the background menacingly and threateningly. If war ensues she will reconcile the demands of Bulgaria and Greece, and it is said that, preliminary to that step, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, brother of the King of Greece and brother-in-law of the Czar, who is this month to wed the daughter of the head of the French Bourbons, will be made King of Bulgaria in the place of Prince Alexander, who is to be desposed. Thus Russia will reinitiate her historic purpose, and prepare the way for an easy and unobstructed march for the occupation of Constantinople.

The Webster Watch.

Mr. Peter Butler of Boston wears the famous watch given to Daniel Webster by the Hon. Moses Grinnell and others. Mr. Webster gave it to his friend and biographer, Mr. Peter Harvey, and he in turn bequeathed it to Mr. Butler, who also possesses Mr. Webster's gold snuff-box, a gift from that statesman direct.

How Peat is Gathered for Fuel.

The gathering of the peat harvest in many parts of Ireland and Scotland is a matter of much importance to the inhabitants, a wet season seriously interfering with the necessary operations. The cutting commences early in the season, as soon as the Winter and Spring rains have drained off the surface. In Ireland a long, narrow slip, measuring from three to six feet across, is cleared to the depth of a foot or so of the light, spongy peat and heather which form the surface. Extending back from this a certain space of surface, called in some districts a swarth, is leveled and prepared for the reception of the blocks of peat, which, as they are cut, are spread closely upon it to dry. The peat, or tuft, as it is almost invariably called in that country, is cut into narrow, rectangular blocks, from one foot to eighteen inches in length. The implement used in cutting, called a slane, somewhat resembles a spade, with a flat piece of steel attached to the bottom at the right side, and turned up at right angles. The blocks are cut from the mass with a downward thrust of the implement, the arms alone being used, without the assistance of the foot, as in the ordinary spade. After the blocks have lain for some time, and the sides and upper surfaces have dried somewhat, they are turned, and then placed on end in small stacks, which are piled together in larger heaps after the drying process has advanced. The work of cutting, turning, and stacking the peat is not such an unpleasant occupation as might be supposed. It is cleanly work enough. There is no need to handle the peat in a wet state, though even then it does not stain or stick to the hand or person, and has no unpleasant smell. When it has dried somewhat, it is light, clean, and easy to handle. It is unusual to cut the peat down to the level of soil beneath, the produce of the lower layers, although most valuable as fuel, drying into hard and brittle fragments, which do not bear handling or removal. When the upper matter becomes exhausted, the remainder is sometimes dug out, mixed with water, and kneaded with the hands and feet. It is then cut into square blocks, and dried in the ordinary way. The peat bogs of Ireland ought to be a source of considerable profit to that country; and but for the low heating power of peat, which renders it unfit for use as fuel for manufacturing purposes, they would no doubt have long ago led to the development in that country of industrial and manufacturing activity similar, on a small scale, to that produced by coal in England. To remedy this defect in peat as a fuel various processes have been tried for compressing it so as to get rid of the large percentage of water always present in the best dried samples. These experiments have not, up to the present, met with any great success when tried on a large scale. Well-dried peat contains as much as twenty per cent. of water; and even when most of this is expelled, unless the peat is rendered compact and water-proof by some process, its spongy texture causes it to reabsorb a large proportion of moisture from the atmosphere.

A Money Dresser.

An old coin man visits the offices of the elevated railroad, New York, every few days to purchase the worn and plugged coin taken in at the stations, and refused at the banks, as well as the foreign coin. He also buys up the mutilated silver, nickels and coppers that are dropped by absent-minded passengers into the gate boxes. There are many persons who, on getting their change with a ticket at the window of the ticket office, will carefully put the ticket in their pockets, and will drop their change in the toll-collector's box. Some ladies drop their pocketbooks in, while they hold their ticket with great care. Inside of each box there is a cylinder full of teeth, and when a piece of coin gets into the receptacle below, it has two holes in it or is chipped at the edges. Every day the mass of mutilated tickets is overhauled in the main office before being sent into the waste, and these coins are sifted out. From $5 to $50 a day have been picked out in this way. The money is so mutilated that it cannot be passed, and it is sold to the old-coin man for about 70 cents on the dollar.

This curious speculator sometimes carries away $600 or $700 worth of such coin. He calls himself a "money dresser," a business which he insists is just as legitimate as that of a "coffee polisher," or a dry goods dresser. He beats out the twisted and bruised coin, cleans the soiled copper, brightens the foreign coin, and goes on his tour to dispose of his goods. The foreign money is sold to the stewards of foreign vessels, and the poor American coin is worked off at the cattle yards and sent out West. Much of it finds its way into the hands of the cowboys, who spend it as freely as though it was fresh from the Mint. The "money dresser" searches his purchases very carefully, and occasionally finds an old coin that pays him several hundred per cent. profit when resold to collectors of rare coins.

"Do you make a living in this way?"

"Indeed I do, and a very nice living, too."

Those who plot mischief live in fear and die miserable.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 11, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

BUSH ARCADE. BUSH ARCADE.

Children's Jersey Caps at 15, 25, 30 and 35 cents.

Cashmere Hose for Ladies, full regular made, at 25 cents, in colors and black.

Our Cloths—Trico Home-spun and Jamestown goods are selling rapidly.

By the way we can show you the finest line of 1¼ yard wide Cloths and Trico you ever saw. Our price is 55 cents; not one week 60c, next week 50c, but each week alike—55 cents.

Dress Braids from an ⅛ of an inch to 3 inches wide.

Wool Laces in all colors and widths.

Fedora Buckles and Clasps for dresses.

Wrap Fringes in all shades. Our line is acknowledged to be the finest.

Velvet Ribbon in pink, blue, cardinal and common colors—satin back.

D. GARMAN & SON.

Bush Arcade, - - Bellefonte.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Clasps for dresses—Garmans. 11

——Tuesday rather cool and stormy.

——Our farmers are busy husking corn.

Saxony, Germantown and common yarn—Garmans. o11

——ORIENTAL is the best in the market. Try a sack.

——George Eckle has been appointed postmaster at Pine Grove Mills.

——Overset from the German: The Firedays are yet six Weeks distant.

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

——Lebanon has voted in favor of a city charter. The population is over 10,000.

——Corn meal grists will be ground at the Centre Hall roller mill, Tuesday and Saturday of each week. tf

——There are rumors afloat that a new hotel is to go up here. Nothing like keeping the tide of improvement rolling on.

——John Bair and Dr. D. Mingle, of Millheim, with their families, left for Davis, Ill., which will be their future home.

——Barrville, Mifflin county, has a man, Joseph Harkness, who recently husked 120 bushels of corn from the stalk in one day.

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——The Coburners talk of getting another hotel. How they put on airs—nothing was good enough, they had to have a darkey campmeeting.

——Examine our stock of men's and boys' kip boots. We will make you good bargains and will be pleased to have you examine our stock.—Graham & Son.

——Spring Mills, and all of Gregg twp., is in a fever heat over the post-office question—removal to the hill or keep it in the hollow is the bone of contention.

——One of the handsome houses on Church street is the one refitted by Wm. Wolf near the burnt church lot. Mr. Catherman, new station agent, will occupy it.

——The farm of Wm. Harter, dec'd, near Aaronsburg, one of the surest and best in the state, is advertised in the REPORTER. A chance for a No. 1 investment.

——If you stand at the Centre County Bank, in Bellefonte, and throw a stick in the direction of Spring creek bridge you can hit half a dozen newspaper establishments in one throw.

——Had a pouring rain on last Sabbath forenoon, which began at night and continued all day. The streams were swollen in consequence, and damage has no doubt been done by floods.

——J. O. Deininger intends fitting up the room above Harper & Kreamer's store, which will then be occupied by the I. O. of G. T. It will be a pleasant and suitable place for their purpose.

——The Good Templars' oyster supper in their hall on Saturday evening was a success. The net profit was not a mean sum. The accommodations were good and refreshments were gotten up in a tasteful manner.

— The bell for the new Lutheran church has been put into the tower, and has sent out its peals to tell what it is like. It's of a smooth B tone and very loud being one of the largest bells in the valley, we believe.

——The furnace for heating the Lutheran church here was put in place and completed last week. It is the latest improved patent and worthy the examination of all who desire to have a hot air furnace for church or other building.

——A meeting of Lutherans was held at Coburn last Thursday, and an organization formed to start a new congregation at that place. Application will be made for a charter. A lot has been selected with a view to erecting a new church on the same.

——A couple down the valley had an idea if they went off to Brushvalley, out of their township, they would not need a license to get married. Matrimonial candidates must know they have to skip farther than that—they must cross the state line to Jarsey.

——Pealer's store, Spring Mills, has the largest and best assortment of new goods in that part of the valley; it consists of dry-goods, clothing, hats, boots, shoes, and the choicest groceries. If you want a bargain go to Pealer's, and you will be treated right, and if goods are not as represented they can be returned. The new fall and winter stock is unsurpassed by any store in the valley.

SPRING MILLS.

A special freight now leaves Sunbury in the morning and gets here about 11 a. m., returning between 12 and 1 noon. This makes the passenger train move more regular.

Prof. Krise teaches the Grammar school here, and has a large attendance. The Professor built a new house, part of which is intended for a drug store.

Our town is brisk right along and supports four general stores with a number of shops.

We have a big excitement on the post-office. The question being shall it go to the hill, to Grenoble's, or stay at Pealer's down on the flat, and a good deal of fun is created as well as some earnest. It is reported at Bellefonte that the Penns-valley assemblyman had promised it to one of the parties, and the other party thinks its the congressman that has the say. Perhaps they make postmasters at Harrisburg now.

In going over the new road, I was struck with the stony land west of here. Gregg township don't show out that way, and can't be beat for No. 1 soil. DAY.

MILLHEIM ITEMS.

S. C. Rhoads is home on a visit.

Henry Duck's new house is fast being raised.

The subject the beginning of the week was "mud."

One of A. Harter's ponies received a bad cut on Saturday night.

The town clock took a little rest on Monday.

Our schools are progressing finely.

Musser & Smith have a tin roof on their new hardware store.

Mr. Ira Ayres had his leg broken on Monday afternoon.

D. A. Musser, S. K. Sober and Daniel Gentzel left for Virginia on a hunting expedition on Monday. SHITTLEGOVEL.

——The *Keystone Gazette* (No. 2) reached these headquarters. As a local and news sheet it is creditable; but its politics is of the Republican blarney order—beating the air. The *Gazette* thinks Democracy in Centre county is going to be snowed under soon, on account of dissatisfaction. If there are unwise movements now and then, the rank and file will be true when an important election comes off, and you will be served by our big old fashioned majority. Financially we wish the new paper success.

——Wm. A. McManigal, one of the associate judges of this county, died at his residence at Milroy on Monday morning, after an illness of but three days of heart disease. Judge McManigal was a good man, and his death is sincerely mourned. His term as associate judge would have ended Jan. 1, '87. His successor for the remainder of the term will be appointed by Gov. Pattison.—Lewistown *Sentinel*, 5.

——Centre Hall is a good point to plant any kind of industry. Living is cheap here. Ground for building is reasonable, lumber is cheap and fuel and water for steam also cheap and very convenient, with a railroad connecting two main lines—the P. & E. at Montandon, and the Penn's at Tyrone, either only 50 miles distant. Our population has increased nearly 25 per cent. in the last ten months.

— The Milton *Argus* says: It is said that a rolling mill to manufacture iron hoops by the use of the patent and improved machinery invented by Bernard Lauth, of Howard, Centre county, is to be located at this place. These patents are said to be very valuable. By the use of machinery a block of pig iron goes in to the rolls and comes out a bar or hoop of iron of any breadth or thickness from one sixteenth of an inch upward.

——Christian Dale, Sr., of College twp. died last Friday night, at his home. Mr Dale was an old and well-known citizen of this county, and highly respected. His death was caused by injuries received from falling off an apple tree a few weeks ago, breaking a leg and sustaining other injuries. He was buried at Boalsburg on Monday. A widow, his third wife, and a large family of sons and daughters, mourn his loss.

——A. C. Mingle's shoe store, in the Brockerhoff house block, puts out more boots and shoes than any other house in the county. It is known by all as headquarters for all first class goods in his line, and that one can always get what is wanted if the boot or shoe is in market. Prices are reasonable and every boot or shoe sold warranted to be as represented or money refunded.

——Centre Hall has credit for the manufacture of first-class roller flour, which finds ready sale in all parts of the state. The roller mill runs to midnight every day in order to supply the demand, and the capacity of the mill may have to be doubled next spring to supply its increasing trade.

—Stone Creek seems to be infested with hunters just now. A party from Centre Hall spent a day in the mountains last week with no success. The Modocs of Boalsburg, also in that region, on Monday had captured two deer and wounded two bears, one of which they were most certain of killing.

——Adam H. Harter, of Millheim, not approving of the barbarous marriage license law, hied himself over to Camden, N. J., last week, and then and there wedded one of Millheim's damsels. That's the way a fellow and his girl can get ahead of the Pennsylvania legislature.

——The new church in Milroy, Rev. J. W. White's, will be dedicated Sunday, 15th. Rev. John Miller, of Princeton, N. J., will preach in the morning and afternoon. A Sunday School meeting will be held in the evening. All are invited to attend.

——Merchant tailoring in all its branches done at the Philad. Branch. A tailor of long experience superintends all work, and utmost satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

— Rev. Koser, formerly minister of Lutheran charge at Pine Grove, but now of Northumberland, is visiting friends in the neighborhood of Boalsburg.

——Ed. Meyer's new dwelling house, in Linden Hall, is finished and will be occupied by Mr. Meyer in a short time.

——Large crowds attended the Moody meetings at Bellefonte on Monday and Tuesday. All parts of the county were represented.

——Isaac Armstrong, of Lemont, has completed his new hotel in that place, and will soon be ready to open business.

Wraps, fringes, braid and wool laces—Garmans. o11

A SWINDLER CAUGHT.

Erie, Nov. 2.—Henry L. Bacon, the head of the "Bohemian Oats" swindlers, who operated in Erie, Crawford and Mercer counties last spring, was sentenced to Akron, Ohio, last week to seven years in prison for forgery. Their method of working was to sell seed to farmers for $10 a bushel, taking their notes for the amount and promising to pay $10 per bushel for the crop They would sell the notes to the bank and that would be the last heard of them. Erie county farmers have been duped to the extent of $60,000 and are combining to resist payment of the notes.

The Lewisburg *Argus* says: We are informed that one of this organization of swindlers has been in our county within the past few weeks and has victimized a number of our farmers. A gentleman told us yesterday that a number of notes gotten through this "Bohemian" oats swindler were offered to him the other day at a large discount. He refused to take them. Those farmers who have been taken in by this chap had better take action at once to stop the notes they gave him, or they will find themselves badly caught in the end.

We do not know whether this Bohemian oats swindle was practiced in Centre county or not, but any that find themselves duped had better look into the swindle in time to prevent collection of any notes given. Swindlers of this kind always have stool-pigeons in localities where they operate to help them suck in the unsuspecting. We see from our exchanges that this oats swindle has been practiced against farmers in all parts of the state.

COAL MINES CHANGE HANDS.

Huntingdon, Pa., Nov. 8.—Hon. Samuel T. Brown, of this city, attorney for Harned, Jacobs & Co., has just consummated the sale of the extensive coal interests of this firm in the Clearfield district to Berwin, White & Co., of Philadelphia, for $290,000 cash. The sale includes five large collieries, setting over the lease of six more, and an agreement not to engage in the coal mining business in the Clearfield region for a period of five years. The lands of the two firms adjoin each other, and are considered the most valuable in the district. Over 2,000 men are employed in the mines of Harned, Jacobs & Co., but the sale will not affect the miners, as the new proprietors will operate the mines to the full capacity.

"RIGHT PEART."

"I was right peart till the rheumatism sot in," said a suffering old man who lived near the swamp. Fact is, where ever you live you can't be "right peart" if you are a victim of this troublesome disease. Captain C W. Hostenpiller, of Springfield, Ohio, says, "I found great relief from inflamatory rheumatism by using Brown's Iron Bitters." Thousands of people have found similar relief.

A MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 6.—Herman has confessed the murder of his wife, and says it was done on Sunday night. He was jealous of her, and after the murder says he slept on the same bed for three nights upon which lay the body of the murdered woman. The murder was committed about 7 o'clock in the evening, when Mrs. Herman wished to go out alone. Herman, insisting upon accompanying her, warm words ensued, and he threw her on the floor and killed her with a razor. He says he put the razor in his pocket during the day and while he was sober intending to kill her. After cutting her throat he lifted her to the bed, still alive, took her apron, soaked up the blood in it, washed himself and went out. He returned to the house about midnight and lay down by the corpse.

HEADACHE, TORPID LIVER, COSTIVENESS.

Simmons Liver Regulator, by its mild cathartic properties, releaves the bowels from obstructions and cleanses the system of all impurities without sickening or weakening. Cures headache, indigestion and liver complaint—even the most confirmed chronic cases.

FACTORIES BURNED.

Lock Haven, Pa., Nov. 8.—The tool-handle factory of Chandler & Council, and the furniture factory of E. Bartholemew, at Mill Hall, were destroyed by fire last night. Loss about $5,000; no insurance.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y

Youngstown, Ohio, Nov. 5.—Yesterday a switch engine backing into the yard of the Trumbull Iron Co., at Girard, ran over John Hughes, spliting him in two parts from head to foot. The men in the yard heard two loud cries from Hughes as the wheels struck him.

It will not disappoint you. It is the best article known for purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. For 25 years erysipelas broke out in blotches on my face. I found no cure until I used Parker's Tonic two years ago. It is the menicine for me.—E. C. H. nov

——THANKS.—The members of the Good Templar Lodge, No. 126, hereby tender their thanks to Mrs W. P. Shoop, Mrs. J. O Deininger, Mrs. D. B. Brisbin, Messrs. W. B. Mingle, J. C. Boal, Henry Boozer and the REPORTER for assistance at their oyster supper, Saturday evening. This is a movement worthy the support of the community, and the net profit of $8 from our supper cheers us on. The order admits both sexes over 16 years. Let all show their appreciation of this work by uniting with the body of temperance workers. D.

——Go to Graham's shoe store for bargains in boots and shoes, they will sell you good solid work, every pair guaranteed as represented. All kinds of kip boots for men and boys, women's and children's calf skin shoes for winter wear. Gum boots and overshoes of all prices, the cheapest and best. Remember the place, corner of Brockerhoff row, Bellefonte.

——Our stock of fall and winter woolens is now in, and on all orders for the next 30 days, we will allow a discount of 10 per cent. GOLDSMITH BROS.,
Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte, Pa.

OBITUARY.

On the 27th day of September, 1885, near Lincoln, Neb., Nora, daughter of Hugh and Susan Larimer, left earth to join the happy throng in heaven, aged 15 years, 1 mohth, 29 days.

The writer has known her since she was a child and will never forget the smiles and cheerful countenance with which she always greeted him. She was everybody's friend, and to know her was to love her. She joined the Presbyterian church at the age of eleven years, and was a faithful and consistent member of the same until God called her to the church triumphant. Though young, it can truly be said of her, she went about doing good. Her heart, affections and energies were consecrated to Christ. Like Mary, she loved to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him Her heart was fully enlisted in Sunday School work. She was in sympathy with every effort to elevate—morally and religious—the human family. O, that all the children of Christian parents might be confirmed so young; might thus early assume the vows their parents made at their baptism; that all our children might be trained from the cradle for Christ. What a religious influence there would be in every community. The strong arm of sin would be paralyzed and parents would no longer need to shed burning tears over the graves of sons and daughters who died without having a ray of hope that they were saved. Nora died in the triumphs of a living faith. Before she died she repeated the Lord's prayer, this was followed by another earnest prayer. Then she sang: "The gate stands open wide for me," and "We are going home to die no more." Parents, sisters, brothers, weep not for Nora, your loss is her gain, God will give her to you again. Even the body, followed to the grave by almost the entire community, shall come forth, sanctified; here it will have a glorious resurrection to immortal life. Christ's words come to you with more than ordinary emphasis:

"I am the resurrection and the life. Whosoever believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The words of Paul convey no uncertain sounds: "This corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality." Then shall be brought to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? As David said of his child, let me say to you of Nora: She can not come to you but you can go to her. She still lives in the memory of all who knew her, and the writer will never forget her and confidently expects to greet her in the Eternal city. Truly life is uncertain. We come forth in the morning, like the flour we flourish for a little while, we are cut down and our places know us no more forever. Soon all the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Larimer and of the writer, together with them will sleep in the grave. We shall go to our fathers, mothers and children who have gone. God grant that we may so live that death will have no terror, the grave no gloom, and that we may stand acquitted before the judgment seat of Christ when the powerful light from the throne of God shall shine full and clear upon every action of our lives.

A. A. KERLIN.

Alexandria, Pa., Nov. 6, 1885.

THE GREATEST WOMAN YET.

Five Boys at Once.

Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 8.—A remarkable story comes from Henry county, just west of here. It is to the effect that several days ago the wife of Wilhelm Freund, a German farmer, living half a mile from Holgate, gave birth to five children, all boys, and that all the infants are well formed and alive. When the press correspondent investigated this stupendous increase he found that the event is but one of a series that have happened in this interesting family Mrs. Freund is 36 years of age, and during her nineteen years of married life has given birth to 21 children, 18 of whom are now alive. The other three living to various ages over a year.

Dr. Townsend, of Holgate, has been in attendance at most of these events, and Dr. Harrison, of Napoleon, is also conversant with the facts, and has assisted upon some occasions. The mother is described as a comely German woman, rawboned and spare, and the father short and solid, but not portly. This happy couple live on a small farm, which the husband tills with the assistance of his numerous progeny. Some of the children, it is said, were born in the hay field where the mother was at work.

A TOTAL WRECK.

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 8.—Yesterday 15 loaded freight cars were thrown from the track at Port Matilda station, on the Bald Eagle Valley R. R., and were piled three and four cars deep in a cut within a distance of 75 feet. The debris was packed so solidly that 13 cars had to be torn to pieces in removing them, and two wrecking crews were ten hours in clearing the track.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE

COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, FOR WASHING CHILDREN.

Dr. S. W. Cohen, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile washing with good results. It not only restores wasted tissue, but gives strength, and I heartily recommend it for diseases attended by atrophy." nov

THIRTY-SEVEN LIVES LOST.

Chicago, Nov. 9.—A Winnipeg special says: A fearful disaster occurred on Lake Superior, off Port Arthur, early this morning. The iron steamer Algona, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, was wrecked and thirty-seven lives lost. Only meager particulars have been received up to the present hour.

A bottle of Samaritan Nervine enables one to defy asthma, nervousness, and general debility. $1.50 at druggists.

"Every epileptic sufferer ought to try Samaritan Nervine at once," says Rev. J. T. Etter, of New Glarus, Wis., "it is a never failing remedy."

Mrs. Mary Stover, a blind woman, at Benton Ridge, Ohio, was burned to death by her clothing taking fire while she was working about the stove. Her husband, also blind, was severely burned while trying to save his wife.

"We do not have to recommend Parker's Hair Balsam but once," writes C. A. Burger, druggist, of Liberty, N. Y. "After that it stands on its record." It stops failing hair, restores original color, softness and gloss. Exceptionally clean, prevents dandruff. nov

Avoid the harsh, irritating, griping compounds so often as purging medicines, and correct the irregularities of the bowels by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, which are mild and gentle, yet thorough and searching, in their action.

As a purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly. A single bottle will prove its merits. Many thousands of people are yearly saved from dangerous fevers by the exercise of a little timely care in properly cleansing the system by the use of this remedy.

Malaria is a term given to all diseases which arise from the vitiated condition of the blood. The system is impaired and needs renovating. Keller's Catarrh Remedy is the best preparation in the market for their cure.

——After Sept. 1 our stock of zephyrs, yarns, embroidery and knitting silks, and everything pertaining to the line of fancy work, will be complete and kept up as it formerly was at our old stand before the fire. GOLDSMITH BROS.

TENDER KIND OF RHEUMATISM.

"Ther very last night I hed the combined storm-glass and thermometer," said old Colonel Getroff Careless, "it showed clear, calm weather fer ther next twenty-four hours, so with perfect confidence in ther blamed thing I went an' laid down on ther back gall'ry an' went ter sleep, cause twar too hot indoors. Ther peddler tole me that ez long ez ther barroometer showed clear weather I could go an' sleep under er sprinklin' cart fer twenty-four hours an' never even git my feet wet.

"I jest did wake up in time ter keep thet three dollar storm-glass from floating off. Then I drug in the cheers from off the gall'ry an' sot at m'winder an looked at m'wife takin' ther clothes offer ther line, an' she had ter paddle roun' in ther rain to do it. I felt sorry to see her out ther in the wet like er cat with fits, but ther hired girl war out at her sister's.

"Nex' day I tuck that insterment out in ther back yard and patted it tenderly on ther back with a brick-bat, an' now I'm using it fer a stove cover lifter. But the fust night's experience come nigh ter givin' me m'death. I had the roomtisum so bad that—look out, thar! look out!" he yelled as Swipes started to sit down beside him on the hearse tongue. "Lookout, ef yer touch that tongue it'll jar my roomtisum, an' I'll jar yer head."

Swipes humbly apologized and went over and sat down on the horse trough. The colonel looked over at Mowdown and worked his jaws. Mowdown handed over the plug of nigger heel and the colonel cut two and a half inches off the end that hadn't been eaten off of, and proceeded:

"Talk about roomtisum, uhum, this dose nigh killed me. M'leg wuz so sore that ef I'd be er sleepin' soun' an' you'd come in an' tech ther shader of m'leg on ther wall, I'd just wake up an' scream right out loud with angwish. One night my wife came inter m'room, an' before I cud prevent her she winked at m'leg an' I came nigh havin' St. Vitus's dance. Yes, sir, thet leg war sore. Night before las' Philander Beasley war in m'parlor with m'darter, en she showed him m'picter an' he teched ther leg of it by accident, an' it night give me delirium tremlins."

Then an old ex-circus horse in stall No. 15 fainted, and the silence that settled down on the little group was so thick that Bob Swipes had to cut a swathe in it with the stable squirt to let an incoming hack through.

FOR GIRLS ONLY.

"She won't do, Marie; she won't do," said the man of the house, just in time to upset the negotiations between the mistress and a new nursery maid.

"Why, dear, don't you like her?"

"She's not young enough."

"That's why I was engaging her. She's not young."

"That's why I object."

"Henry, what do you mean?"

"I want a young, pretty, bright girl, with a clean white apron and a pretty cap."

"Oh, yes, I suppose you do."

"You are wrong, my dear. I do not mean that."

"What?"

"Your tone was significant. No. I have a theory. I think that children grow up a good deal like the people who take care of them."

"Oh," and she began to cry, "I suppose you don't like to have your children grow up like their mother."

"My dear, don't be ridiculous. I mean that they get to speak and act like their nurses, and I wish my children to have no mannerisms that will be offensive."

"What kind of a nurse did you have, Henry?"

"Madam," he said, rather confusedly, "I had a colored nurse, but it doesn't work with boys."

SHE WAS MUCH WORRIED.

A young lady who was much worried about her complexion asked the advice of a vegetarian friend as to the best means of improving her appearance. "Take to vegetarianism," said her friend. She took wildly, and fed on nothing but parsnips washed down with copious draughts of dandelion tea for one month. Towards the end of the twenty-eighth day she was nearly as pretty in color as butterine. Yet, somehow or other, the tint didn't please her, and after consulting her vegetarian friend again, the young lady subsisted for two months on pickled cabbage and raspberry, vinegar, meat. Slowly but surely her color changed, till she became a good copy of a red sunset. Still not satisfied, she varied her nourishment once more, and existed on strawberry ice and turnips for six months, when she assumed a lovely pink and white hue. A very tasty tombstone has just been erected to her memory by her vegetarian friend.

HIS SECRET.

"Judge," said a young lawyer to a very successful senior, "tell me the secret of your uniform success at the bar." "Ah, young man, that secret is a life study, but I will give it to you on condition that you pay all my bills during this session of court." "Agreed, sir," said the junior. "Evidence—indisputable evidence." At the end of the month the judge reminded the young man of his promise. "I recall no such promise." "Ah, but you made it." "Your evidence, please?" And the judge, not having any witnesses, lost a case for once.

Merino hosiery and underwear—Garmans. o11

DIED.

Near Madisonburg, on 8th, Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Wm. Yearick, aged 46 years, 7 months, 27 days.

MARRIED.

On Nov. 2, by James M. Cassady, Justice of the Peace, No. 129 Federal St., Camden, N. J., Adam F. Harter and Minnie Hartman, both of Millheim.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE, AT CENTRE HALL.—The undersigned offers his large 2-Story Brick Dwelling House and Lot at private sale. Stable and all other outbuildings are also of brick, except corn-crib and ice house. All buildings are new. Choice fruit on the lot, and a cistern near the door. Heater in cellar can be bought with property if desired. Will be sold very cheap. For further information apply to H. E. ZERBE,
21oct2m Centre Hall.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned heirs of William Harter, dec'd, late of Aaronsburg, Centre Co., Pa., will expose on the premises, one mile southeast of Aaronsburg, on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1885,

the following valuable real estate, to wit:

No. 1. All that certain tract of land situate in Haines township, county and state aforesaid, CONTAINING 105 ACRES, more or less, bounded north by lands of Jesse Wert, east by John Bower, et. al., and west by Luther Kuntz and public road, south by Jacob Bower, et. al., on which is erected a GOOD DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, and all other necessary out buildings. Good ORCHARD, Good Fruit, and Excellent Water near the door. This land is all clear and under a good state of cultivation, excepting about 15 ACRES, which is well timbered with White Pine and Oak.

No. 2. A piece of mountain land situate two miles east of Coburn, county and state aforesaid, bounded by lands of Adam Jordon, Michael Stover, et. al., containing about 10 ACRES, more or less. This tract is well set with Chestnut and Rock Oak Timber.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock a. m., when due attendance will be given and terms of sale made known For further information apply to Jonathan Harter, Millheim. THE HEIRS.

COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas K. Smith and the Hon. Chester Munson Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept bearing date 1st day of Oct 1885, to me directed, for olding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and a General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Third Monday of Nov next, being the 16th day of Nov., etc., and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 9th day of Oct in the year of our Lord 1885, and the one hundred and tenth year of the independence of the United States. W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 9, 1885.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		30
" Western "		30
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	27
" " "	bbls	26
Western, ex brands	crates	24
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	9
" mixed	"	8
" Western, straight	"	8
" mixed	"	8
Chickens, Spring	"	9
Roosters	"	5 6
Ducks, Spring	"	9 10
DRESSED POULTRY.		
Turkeys, extra, young	per lb	15
" poor to medium	"	14
" old toms	"	12
Spring Chickens, dry picked	"	12
" scalded	"	11
" Ducks	"	12
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb	7
" Fair to good	"	5 6½
" Common stock	"	3 4
Sheep, prime	"	3½
Lambs, extra	"	6
Live Cattle	"	5 6
Dogs, live	"	5½ 6
Pigs, live	"	4 5
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.		
Cabbage	per basket	35
"	per 100	4 00 4 50
Apples, new	per bbl	$2 00 $2 25
Potatoes, Early Rose	per bus	55 55
" Burbanks, choice	"	50 55
" Mixed Lots	"	35 45
Sweet Potatoes	per basket	30 35
" Jersey, extra	"	1 50 1 75
" Md	"	1 00
HAY AND STRAW.		
Timothy, choice	per ton	$ $16 00
" fair	"	12 00 15 00
Cut Hay	"	22 00
Rye Straw	"	19 00
Wheat Straw	"	10 00
Oat Straw	"	9 00
SEEDS.		
Timothy	per bu	1 90 2 00
Clover	per lb	9½ 10
Flax	per bu	1 40
CHEESE.		
N Y Factory, choice		11½
Ohio, fat, fine		10½
DRIED FRUIT.		
Pitted Cherries	per lb	9 10½
Raspberries	"	17
Blackberries	"	7¾ 8
WOOL.		
Tub-Washed	per lb	30 34
Unwashed	"	21 24
FEATHERS.		
Choice Geese	per lb	50 51
Prime "	"	47 49
Chicken	"	4 5
Turkey, as to quality	"	7 8
Duck	"	25 30
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry	per lb	10 11
Salt, Salted	"	12 13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½ 6
" Cow	"	5 5½
" Bull	"	4 4½
" Salted Steer	"	8½ 9
" Cow	"	9
Sheep Skins, per piece		25 75
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	7¾ 8
Tallow, Solid	"	5¾
" Cake	"	5¾
Honey in Comb	"	10 11
Country Soap	"	4½ 5

☞Price Current subject to Market Fluctuation

Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Wheat	"	85¾	—91
Corn	"	40	—50
Oats	"	25½	—36
Pork	"	8.55½	
Lard	"	5.87½	

SAMUEL WHITE, JR., Com'n Broker
238 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET

Wheat—Red	85
White & Mixed	80
Rye	56
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	40
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	2 00
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter 1 tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoudle 8; bacon or side, 8; egg per dozen, 12 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	16	Eggs	14
Ham	15	Sides	8
Shoulders	6	Potatoes	35

—o—

GRAIN

Wanted at the Centre Hall ROLLER MILL, for which the following prices are paid:

Red wheat	$ 85	Shelled Corn	$ 25
White and mixed	80	Oats	26
Barley	45	Rye	45